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TAKE HEED UNTO THY TONGUE

BY A. E. S.

A little member is the tongue,
Yet, oh, for good or ill,
No despot crowned could ever rule
With such an iron will.

Soft words can anger turn away,
Harsh words the like beget;
For love is ever born of love,
And wrath with wrath is met.

Give not the rein to passion, or
The steed will run away.
And then thine error will regret
For many a weary day.

One wavelet small of temper oft
May raise a sea of strife;
One hasty word may make or mar
The fortune of a life.

Take heed, then, ever to thy tongue,
For, little though it be,
Its power is great to bless or harm
Others as well as thee.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED)

"YOU do not have many marriages here, I think?" said Captain Carlisle.

'No; and I am not sorry at it, sir, for I am growing old," was the clergyman's reply. 'Of course we must have marriages sometimes—it cannot be all burials; but I do not like to officiate at them."

"You will want a new register for the next happy pair," laughed the Captain.

"Yes. The registers used to be very badly kept here. I was quite a young man when I first came, and it was a practice to tear up the registers when paper was wanted to light the candle. It was dreadful—most dreadful! I have everything in good order now."

"One can see that," said the Captain, slipping into the old man's hand a fee which startled him.

Hilary heard every word of the conversation, and little dreamed of the time to come when each one would be of weightiest import to her. Then bridegroom and bride left the church and went out into the warm June sunshine. They were bewildered with happiness, blinded with love, unconscious whither they were going, until Hilary stumbled and almost fell into the long grass. Jane Holmes came to her with a troubled face.

'My dear mistress, take care!" she cried. "You have fallen over a grave. No good luck can come after that."

Captain Carlisle sternly bade her be silent, and not annoy his young wife with superstitious nonsense.

* * * * *

'One happy week—we shall have that, my darling," said Captain Carlisle tenderly to his young wife, "if we never have another happy day or hour. And, Hilary my beloved, it seems to me a great thing to have one thoroughly happy week. There are some people, I honestly believe, who never have even one completely happy day. One happy week in our lives is something."

"But surely we shall be happy always?' replied. 'How can we help it, Lewis? We shall always love each other just as we do now, so that we can never be less happy."

He looked at her with a curious intent gaze.

"Do you know, Hilary," he said, "that ever since our marriage I have had a most curious feeling, as though my life were to end with this week, as though I could not look beyond it. Have you the same feeling?'

'No, Lewis; and I should not like to have it. I hope our lives and love will last for many years."

They were sitting on the bank of one of the finest lakes in England Eastwaite Water. They had taken rooms in the picturesque village of Hawkshead, and the week had been to them as though they had spent it in some earthly elysium.

Jane Holmes had grown warmly attached to her young master, who, finding that she was a true friend and a woman to be trusted had told her the whole circumstances of the case, and even won from her a concession. She had said that, "everything considered," he was not to blame. He had also persuaded her to go to Canada with them; he knew that she would never bear a separation from her beloved young mistress now. Captain Carlisle and his wife had pleasant rooms in the village, but the greater part of their time was spent on the banks of Eastwaite Water.

"Hilary, my darling," said the young man one morning, 'do you think that you will ever grow accustomed to your new name? Every time the landlady calls you 'Mrs Carlisle' you blush until your face looks like a beautiful red rose."

She laughed a clear happy laugh, that was more full of mirth than it would ever be again.

'I cannot help it, Lewis," she answered. 'Only yesterday I asked Jane to call me 'Mrs. Carlisle' over and over again until I could hear it without all that miserable blushing. But she forgets, and calls me 'Miss Hilary.' I do not look at all as a married woman should look."

'Why not?" he asked, with some amusement.

"I know I do not. I appear so absurdly young; and then look, Lewis, at my hair—it is like a baby's."

"It is like an angel's," he corrected.

"How can you tell, who have never seen an angel?"

"I have seen them in pictures," he replied; "and they have hair like yours. You are one of nature's queens, crowned by the gold of your hair."

"I am glad that my hair is golden, since it pleases you. I shall be really glad though when I look older, Lewis. Every one calls me 'miss'—all the boatmen and the driver. It is so unpleasant!'

"What, in spite of that most important gold ring on your finger?" he cried.

"Yes," she answered, "in spite even of that. Oh, Lewis, what shall I do with my ring when I go back?"

"You must do, my darling, what all the heroines of romance do,' he replied—"wear it fastened with a ribbon round your neck."

"I do not believe that I shall ever make up my mind to take it off," she said.

He drew the little white hand into his own and kissed the gold circlet that bound them together.

"Lewis," said she raising her expressive eyes to his face, "how strange it will be to go home and be single again! I am almost sure that Lady Kilmore will find me out. I shall think of you all day; and I do not know how I shall keep my face from getting red and my heart from beating fast every time your name is mentioned. I have a tell-tale face."

"You have a beautiful face, my darling. You must try your best; it will not be for long. You will stay at Glenglas for three weeks, and then you will go to Weldhome and I to Barton Abbey. We shall soon rejoin each other. On the very day that Lady Mary comes home, I shall go to Scarsdark to see her; and, when I have told her of our marriage, I will tell Lady Kilmore. We shall not have many days for making our preparations for Canada."

"I wish" she said, with a little sigh, "that it was all over and that we were on our way to Canada."

'So do I. But why do you sigh, Hilary? Do you think that Lady Kilmore will be angry with you?"

"No she is too kind to be angry; but she will be pained."

"She will see that we acted for the best," said Lewis. 'She will forgive us, as all good woman do forgive when there is true love in the case."

"Must I stay at Glenglas for three whole weeks?' cried Hilary. 'Oh, Lewis, what shall I do without you? Why, it will seem like as many years to me!"

"And to me," he returned. 'However, I shall write to you every day."

'And I to you. But, Lewis, it seems so strange; we married that we might never part, and now we have to part at once!"

"Yes, but to meet in three weeks, never to part again. Sweetheart, think of that! Think too of the joyful fact that we are bound by a tie so strong that nothing but death can break it. When you feel dull and dispirited, just kiss your wedding-ring; that will bring all that I am now saying back to your mind."

* * * * *

The last day of their stay in the Lake district was come, and they would both have gladly prolonged their visit for yet another day. They did not like to leave this elysium of rest. Hilary had made two sketches which delighted her husband; one was of the pretty quaint house in which they had lived during those seven happy days, and the other was of lovely Eastwaite Water, on the banks of which they had sat during the long sunny hours.

"We will take them with us to Canada," said Lewis; "and we shall always enjoy looking at them."

"The place will ever be present to my mind, Lewis," returned Hilary. "I know every bend of the water, every rise of the ground, every tree that grows near the lake. It is all imprinted on my heart. Oh, Lewis, shall we ever be so happy again?"

"Yes, happier, Hilary. After all, we are both open and frank. We neither of us like deceit or concealment; and I am sure that we shall be much happier when our marriage is made public, and when we have no secret. You must look forward my beloved, to that happier time.'

Yet, on this their last day by the lake, there was a sense of oppression about them, a foreboding for which they could not account. They stood together on the loveliest spot near Eastwaite Water, and Hilary's face was wet with tears.

"Do not give way to your feelings, sweetheart; we shall be only a little while apart," said Lewis.

"When we come back from Canada, and you have become a famous soldier, dear, we will visit this spot. How changed everything will be then!"

"Change is the order of nature and of life," he answered.

'But we,' said the happy young wife—"we shall never change."

There was no voice to warn them of the great change looming in the distance which should make the world quite a different place to one of them.

On the morrow the bitterness of parting came.

"Hilary," said the husband, "this is the first day of July; it brings with it a good omen for our parting."

'How?" she asked.

"Because July is above all other months the month for sunshine," he answered.

But his hopeful encouraging words did not cheer her. She clung to him with loving hands.

"What shall I do, Lewis?" she cried; and her tears fell fast. "I cannot leave you. I did not know before how much I loved you! Take me with you."

He comforted her as best he could; but after he had spoken his last words to her and had given her his last kiss, he stood watching the train as it disappeared from view with a terrible sense of depression and pain that he had never known before.

"What has come over me?" he said to himself. "Why should I feel so utterly miserable? I have only secured our happiness; I have done no wrong."

Yet he could not dispel the sadness that hung over him like a cloud. He went to London on that same day, as he arranged, and wrote to Lord Ardean to say that in three weeks time he should return to Barton Abbey.

All passed off well, and as he had calculated; and the end of three weeks found him, his heart throbbing with love, again in the house where he had first seen the lovely girl who was now his cherished wife. How many presents he had bought for her! Indeed his difficulty had been to keep any money in his purse. He wanted to purchase everything he saw for her. He laughed when he looked at the great wooden case filled with everything a girl values most; pretty ornaments, fans, dainty gloves, everything his darling would like or fancy, was there.

"I shall have to wait until we are on our way to Canada before I can unpack it," he said to himself.

So he waited in great impatience until she returned.

To Hilary Carlisle, during her stay at Glenglas, the days seemed endless. Her thoughts were devoted to no one but her husband. Night and day her mind was full of him and him only. She spent each day in a state of suspense. She cared little what she did, provided that time could be made to pass quickly; and the day came at last when she once more found herself at Weldhome, the keen critical eyes of Lady Kilmore lingering lovely on her.

"I am rejoiced to see you Hilary," she said. "I have missed you even more than I expected. But, my dear child, how much you have improved! It speaks well for the air of Glenglas. You have grown surely; and you have gained in dignity and expression. I have only one inquiry to make, and it is this—why were you a whole week without writing to me?'

Ah, why! Her heart gave a great bound, and the light of love transformed her at the intense happiness of that one week flashed across her mind. Oh, if she could but tell why! Instead of answering the question in a sensible manner, she threw her arms around Lady Kilmore's neck and half smothered her with kisses.

A few minutes later Lady Kilmore said, with a smile—

"You will not have much time to rest, Hilary. To-morrow Lady Ardean gives a ball, and I have accepted an invitation for you."

"Who will be there, auntie?" asked Hilary, with drooping eyes; and Lady Kilmore told her that she did not know.

CHAPTER VI.

SHE was to see Lewis again. For many hours that was all that Hilary could remember. She was too happy to sleep. She opened the window and looked across to where the moon was shining upon Barton Abbey. Her husband was there; only a few miles of country separated them. Her heart longed for him. Oh that she could stay but two or three weeks with him, just to set her heart at rest!

She had missed Lewis terribly. Not until she had gone from him and had experienced what life was like without him did she realize how much and how dearly she loved him. It had been a dreary exile for her. She had found that his love was as necessary to her as the very air she breathed. His devotion, his protection, his kindness, were to her what the sun is to a moonlit night; she could not rest for thinking of him, while over and over again she said to herself that she should see him on the morrow. It was not till dawn that she laid her head on her pillow, and she slept the more soundly for knowing what the day would bring to her.

The birds and the sunbeams awoke her. The day had come—the happy day on which she was to see her young husband again. She half thought he might ride over in the morning; but a little reflection showed her that it was hardly possible—it would be so imprudent. However, she would not have long to wait; it would soon be evening. What would he say to her? What would his first word be? How would he look? Oh, if the hours would but fly!

Lady Kilmore had a great deal to say to Hilary. She was never tired of looking at her lovely niece, of watching the radiant face with its constant change of expression.

"I cannot think," she remarked, "what strange change had come over you, Hilary. In my opinion you are twice as beautiful as you were when you left home."

"I have been very happy auntie," was the brief reply.

"True happiness is the best cosmetic in the world," said Lady Kilmore. "I am impatient for next year and what it may bring. I feel convinced, Hilary, that you will be the great success of the season. They tell me that Lord Lulworth has returned to England and intends to marry; if s——Well, I will say no more; but I hope—I hope——"

She looked up in wonder; for Hilary interrupted her by throwing her arms around her and kissing her, while the girl's eyes had grown dim with tears.

"I hope I shall please you, auntie," she said, "whatever I may do."

Lady Kilmore fancied that she was not yet recovered from the fatigue of her journey.

"You must not tire yourself to day, Hilary," she said, "for Lady Ardean likes all guests to look their best. I heard that Captain Carlisle was expected to be at the ball. I do not know if he is at the Abbey."

But Hilary knew, and the knowledge made her heart beat fast. Her face flushed and a thrill of happiness ran through her whole frame. She thought of the little ring that, in obedience to his laughing command she wore suspended from her neck. Oh, if she could only put it on her finger and say to her aunt that she was a loving, beloved, happy wife! But the time was coming when everything would be disclosed.

"They tell me," remarked Lady Kilmore, "that Lord Lulworth has fifty thousand a year. Langton Wolde, I know, is one of the finest estates in England. I was there once when I was a child. Of course it is almost idle to dream of such a thing; still you are so beautiful, Hilary, you ought to win a prize—you ought indeed."

"I have won one" thought the girl with a happy smile, "I have won a true heart."

"I need not caution you again about Captain Carlisle," continued Lady Kilmore. "Sir John and Lady Stephens were here lately, and they said that Lady Mary Trevor would be back in England this week: so no doubt the marriage will take place at once—and an excellent thing it will be. Why, Hilary, my dear child, that is the first awkward thing I have seen you do!"—for the girl had overturned a large vase of roses; and in the confusion that followed no more was said about Captain Carlisle.

* * * * *

Evening was coming on. One by one Hilary examined her prettiest dresses. Which would be like best? she wondered. Here was one that was artistic and beautiful—a combination of blue velvet and black silk, with rich trimmings. Surely that would suit her fair hair and complexion! She could fasten pearls in her hair and round her throat. He would be pleased with her, and his eyes would brighten as he looked at her.

"Oh, my darling," cried the girl, "how slow the hours are. Evening will never come!"

But it came at last; and Lady Kilmore was fairly startled by the superb beauty of her young relative. With calm keen deliberation she looked at her niece, then said—

"Hilary, I have done wrong; I ought to have presented you this year. Now, my dear child be prudent; no flirtation to night. Remember, there is a great destiny in store for you."

"There is indeed," thought Hilary—"the greatest, the brightest, the fairest that could ever fall for a woman's lot. I shall soon be with my husband now, but I should be happier much happier, if our aunt knew of our marriage. How much trouble it would save her!"

"You have no flowers, Hilary," observed Lady Kilmore.

"No; I shall find plenty awaiting me at Lady Ardean's," replied the girl.

"You seem quite sure of your admirers," said her aunt.

"I am sure to find at least three bouquets awaiting me; so that it is useless to carry flowers from here to Barton," answered Hilary.

"Where you find three now, you will find three next year," said Lady Kilmore: and in her own mind she felt rather sorry that Captain Carlisle was to be presented at the ball. However, she would be on her guard.

She was so engrossed with the thought of Hilary's coming triumph that she failed to notice how the beautiful face before her changed as they drew near the Abbey, flushing first with the dainty delicate bloom of a wild rose, then growing white as the pearls that nestled in the girl's golden hair. Lady Kilmore thought that her niece was tired when the carriage stopped and she did not speak.

The hospitable doors of Barton Abbey were thrown wide open; but the brilliant light and the countless flowers in the ball-room were all lost upon Hilary. All that she could think of was that she could soon see her husband, her handsome, loving young husband, again. She walked as if in a dream. With unseeing eyes she looked at the hundreds of fair blossoms, the bright light, the fair faces of woman, and heard the sound of music—a waltz of streams that was to haunt her all her life—and the murmur of admiration that greeted her appearance. Lady Ardean came to welcome her with warm greetings; but Hilary only faintly heard what she said. She was waiting and watching for Lewis. Oh, would he never come?

Suddenly the lights all seemed to flicker and grow dim. She caught the back of a chair to steady herself. She thought she would swoon with delight; for he was there. The next moment her young husband, his eyes shining with happiness and love, stood by her side.

It was a quiet greeting. No one looking on would have thought that it was the reunion of wedded lovers; but the most concerned were content.

"Are you well, my darling?" he whispered, "You look—well, words fail me. I have never seen you look so fair."

"Not on my wedding-day?" she asked. "Oh, Lewis, you said I could never look better than then!"

So under the cover of a few light words they hid their deep feeling, their rapture, joy, and delight.

"We are together once more, Hilary," he said.

"Yes; and there will be no more partings, Lewis. I would sooner be dead than live without you."

"And I too without you," he returned. "Life has no value if I haven't you to share it with me. Lady Kilmore is looking at us Hilary. Shall we be able to find one half hour for ourselves, do you think?"

"Not if my aunt can help it," laughed Hilary. "She has made up her mind to take care of me to night; and she has given me just a little warning about you; so that we shall have to manage in the best way we can."

"It is like sweetest music to hear your voice again, Hilary," he said. "I have longed for this meeting. Oh, my darling, if I might but take you in my arms for one moment and kiss you! This does seem hard; but you will give me five minutes will you not, some time this evening? Here comes Lady Kilmore. Do you know the cedar-lawn? Why, of course you do! Will you be on the cedar-lawn in half an hour now? Say 'Yes" my beloved."

"Yes," replied Hilary.

Then Lady Kilmore came up, and in her softest voice and pleasantest manner she said—

"Good evening, Captain Carlisle. My niece looks well, does she not? Glenglas must be a very healthy place."

"Miss Nairne always looks well," answered the Captain gallantly, while his eyes seemed to drink in the superb beauty of his young wife.

"Glenglas has done her a great deal of good," said Lady Kilmore. "Dear me, Hilary, what are you blushing for? My dear child, your cheeks are burning!"

There was a tinge of amusement in the smile that curled the Captain's lips.

"You flatter me, auntie," said Hilary. "How can I help blushing?"

"You ought to be flattered always; the effect is so good," observed Captain Carlisle gallantly; and Lady Kilmore, with great discretion, at once took her niece away.

CHAPTER VII

LADY KILMORE was quite content when she had taken Hilary from the side of the handsome young soldier. She found her a safe partner in the person of Sir John Whatte, an old married friend in whom she could place the utmost confidence, and, her mind at rest, she sat down at a whist table with an exalted sense of having endeavored to do her duty in rather trying circumstances. She should not help liking and admiring Captain Carlisle, he was so handsome, and his manner was so pleasant, so charming. He was sweet-tempered too, and generous; but she thought it would be an excellent thing for Hilary when he married Lady Mary.

After the dance was over, Hilary betook herself to the cedar lawn, where she found her beloved young husband awaiting her.

"Hilary," said Lewis as he drew her to him and kissed her sweet face with passionate love, "I have some news for you, my darling. Lady Mary has returned; she is at Scardale Park; so that we shall be happy sooner than we had dared to hope. I shall go and see her at once."

"I heard that she had returned; my aunt told me so," remarked Hilary.

"I will see her and tell her all, dearest, and then I can discuss matters with your aunt. I will return to-morrow evening and go at once to Lady Kilmore and reveal the truth; then—oh, Hilary, imagine the happiness of it!—I can claim you as my wife, and we will go to London to purchase all that we shall need for Canada."

She clung to him.

"I am frightened, Lewis! Here am I, dancing, laughing and looking like a girl, yet I am married, and—and——" The rest of the sentence was lost in the kisses he gave her.

"There is nothing to fear," he said. "On the contrary I am honestly glad. Hilary, before a week has passed we shall be at home together."

"Do you think so, Lewis? I shall thank Heaven for it. I have never had a secret in my life before; and you cannot imagine how difficult I find it to keep this one. Every time I look at my aunt my heart seems to rise to my lips. I shall be so glad when the truth is known."

"Not more pleased than I shall be," he said. "I shall not see you again, Hilary, until to-morrow evening. I shall be back with you by six o'clock and all our troubles will be nearly ended by then."

"Do you think my aunt will be very angry with us?" asked the girl timidly, as she clung to his arm.

"No, I do not. She looked kindly, almost pityingly at me to night. There is every thing in our favor in the fact that we are married. If we merely wished to be married, she would use every means in her power to prevent our union; but, on hearing that we are married, that no one can part us, she will waste no time in saying anything about it. Now, my love, not one more anxious thought! Before the stars shine overhead again our ordeal will be over. Raise your face, my bonnie wife, and let me see that there is not a shadow on it."

She looked up only to receive loving caresses, and she wondered how she had lived those three weeks away from him. Then she bethought herself that it was time to go indoors; it was just possible that she might be missed. If she had known what the twenty-four hours were to bring, she would not have hurried from him.

"Give me five minutes longer," he said; "think of the time I have been without you. What are you saying, Hilary?"

She looked at him and, with one of the graceful caressing gestures so common to her, answered—

"I was only repeating to myself some lines that are all about you, Lewis."

"Let me hear them."

"'My true love hath my heart, and I have his
By just exchange one to the other given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss
There never was a better bargain driven;
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.'"

"It is almost cruel, Hilary, to make me love you better than I do now," cried Lewis; "and yet every moment I find myself loving you more and more. I could fancy you were Burns's 'Fair Lesley.'"

"Who was 'Fair Lesley?'" she asked.

"Do you not remember?

"'Thou art a queen, Fair Lesley—
Thy subjects are before thee;
Thou art divine, Fair Lesley—
The hearts o' men adore thee.'"

"I am your 'Fair Lesley,'" she said; "but I do not want any one else to adore me, Lewis. How quick it has all been! A few months since I did not know you; now I am your wife, and——"

He silenced her with a kiss, and then smiled as he said—

"Do you remember the first time I kissed you, Hilary? How frightened you were! How you blushed and pouted. I remember seeing two tears!" And then in a low voice he sang—

"'Have you forgotten it—I never can—
The first, the sweetest kiss?
Lift up your face, look in my eyes;
It was such as this—and this.'"

Long afterwards she remembered how his voice had thrilled her, how unutterly happy she had felt with her head upon his breast.

"At what time do you start to-morrow?" she asked her husband.

"At eight in the morning, so that I may be back with you by six. My darling, you will be looking anxiously for me!"

"Yes," she answered. "It will be a weary day for me to get through; I shall be glad when it is over. I will meet you before you reach the house," she added. "Will you come through the woods?"

"Yes; that is the nearest way. I wish I had wings my love, that I might fly instead of walk. My heart will be with you all the time. I shall look for you in the woods. Wait at the trysting-tree, will you, Hilary? Afterwards I shall go and see Lady Kilmore alone, so that she can vent all her indignation on me first, and save all the sunshine of forgiveness for you. In a few hours more, my darling, we shall be the happiest pair in the world."

"Lewis, I must go now," said Hilary. "I fancy I hear my aunt's voice. I am too frightened to stay any longer."

"You forget how long it is since I have seen you, Hilary."

"No, I do not; how could I forget!"

"Give me one more loving word, one more kiss, Hilary."

"Have patience, Lewis," she replied. "I shall see you to-morrow evening and then I shall not be frightened, and I can stay with you as long as you wish."

"Say 'Good bye and God speed' to me, Hilary. I shall be up and away long before your bright eyes are open. You will not think that you parted from me hurriedly, will you?"

"No," she said; and she lingered only while she kissed the dear face that was bent over her. Then she ran towards the house; and Captain Carlisle, after waiting a few minutes, went after her.

She saw him once again that evening; it was when Lady Kilmore asked for her carriage. He took Hilary to it, and had only time to say—

"Give me one loving word, my darling;"

and her words—she never forgot them—were—

"Heaven bless you, my dear love, and send you back to me!"

The last she saw of him was as he stood bareheaded in the faint starlight with his eyes fixed upon her.

* * * * *

Lady Kilmore made no remark about Captain Carlisle when she and her niece reached home, on the contrary, she was pleased with the result of the evening. The Captain had not, as he had done before, excited her gravest apprehensions. She wondered a why her niece was so unusually silent, why she seemed engrossed in thought, why she kissed her with more than her usual fervor and then went at once to her room; but doubtless she was tired, she said to herself, there was not the slightest need to make herself anxious on her account.

Hilary found it difficulty to sleep, for so much depended on the next twenty four hours. If Lady Kilmore were angry and refused to sanction what she had done, then her husband would take her away at once, and this might be the last night she would spend in this house in which she had been so happy, the home where she had been so beloved. If her aunt forgave them and all went well, they would go up to London after a while, and probably Lady Kilmore would accompany them. It was not likely that there would be any difficulty with Lady Mary.

Hilary tried to comfort and console herself; but she could not rid herself of a strange feeling of depression and insolation. On the evening before she had been longing to see and speak to her young husband. Now she had seen him, had spoken to him, had heard the loving words she longed for from his lips; yet a dull foreboding of something about to happen drove sleep from her eyes, and she lay through the long hours thinking as she had never thought in her life before.

She dreaded with unutterable dread the day that was before her. She seemed to realize during the long night watch the gravity of the step she had taken. To be privately married was a far more serious business than she had imagined. She had thought of it merely as a fitting end to a little romance.

The day dawned at last that was to bring her husband freedom and unbounded happiness. It was a dull gloomy morning; there was in the air a brooding silence which seemed to be the forerunner of a storm.

"We shall have a thunderstorm, I think, Hilary," said Lady Kilmore. "This kind of weather is most distressing. My dear child, you look very ill this morning."

"I am tired, auntie, I have not slept," replied Hilary.

"The closeness of the atmosphere must have been the cause," said Lady Kilmore. "It has affected me also; but, my dear Hilary, I am sorry to find that a change in the weather can make such a difference in you. You have lost all your beautiful bloom, and your eyes are dim."

"You think it makes my chance a poor one as regards Lord Lulworth, auntie," returned the girl, with a bitter little laugh. "So do I," while from her heart went up the cry, "Oh, my love, if you would but hasten and come!"

How long the day passed she could never tell. She had a vague recollection of sitting down to luncheon with Lady Kilmore, who noticed greatly the change in the bright coloring of her niece's face. She drank some wine and water but she could not eat. She looked at her watch and found that it was just two o'clock; Lewis would be back in four hours—only four hours. She would go into the woods soon and wait for him there.

It was a beautiful spot where they had arranged to meet,—a long wide avenue which had been made through the very heart of the woods, so as to save a drive of many miles round the high road. It was called the Lady's Drive, having been made for the convenience of one of the mistresses in the olden times. It was wide enough to admit a carriage-and-pair, but was not much used except by the visitors to Weldhome.

As Hilary entered the Lady's Drive it was just five o'clock. She had one hour to wait, but that seemed but a short interval to her now. The sun was hidden, the leaves were all drooping in the warm heavy air and there was no movement in the long grass. All was hushed and still. She sat down to watch and wait; Lewis would soon be here. She sat there where she could see the entrance to the drive, where she should see him the moment he entered the woods, and thus be enabled to go at once and meet him. No one came to disturb her solitude except two men; and the place was so silent the air so still, that she could hear every word they said before they reached her, as well as their conversation after they had gone down the drive.

"Dead, did you say?" asked one.

"Yes quite dead—twenty of them. It was the most awful sight I have ever seen."

"Parliament will do something now, I should think," observed the first speaker. "Some alteration ought to be made in the laws. Government ought to buy up all the companies."

Hilary did not give much heed to their remarks, save to note that there was some reference to death. It was a terrible thing to die; but then death and she had nothing in common. She was full of love and life, full of eager expectation. She did not even grasp the idea of death. It was only a brief remark that she had heard. Nevertheless twenty persons were dead. She shuddered as she recalled what the taller man of the two had said—twenty persons dead; that was much worse than one. She wondered vaguely why the Government ought to buy up companies, and what companies they were. Then she forgot all about the matter, and sat with her eyes fixed upon the entrance to the drive.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Important Notice!

☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to EXTEND THE TIME UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Our New Premiums.

THE DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in SOLID GOLD, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Waltham, Mass. June 22, 1881.

Editor Post:—
T-he sprightly "Post" and sparkling gem
H-ave reached me from the home of Penn;
E-very one wants them, maids and men

B-ehold I but choose the gem to sell,
A-round me they would flock, "now tell,"
T-o gain a prize so bright and pure,
U-ntil I say there is one more
R-emaining in the "Post" office sure.
D-raw forth your purse, and don't forget
A-bout the "stamps." They say, "You bet
Y-our boots we will get one yet,"

E-very one that has seen the ring
V-ery loud their praises sing;
E-'en passe maids just turned of forty,
A-dd smile to please, but whisper "Naughty
I-n you to entice
N-atty young men and maidens nice,
G-oading them on to a sacrifice".

P-erchance they think the young may rise
O-n Cupid's wing with such a prize,
S-hould his little arrow pierce mine host,
T-here will a "tale unfold" for the Evening Post.

G. A. T.

Wicklow, Ireland, June 13, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I beg leave to acknowledge the beautiful ring which I received safely on Monday, and thank the Post for such a beautiful premium. M. B.

East Hamilton, Tex., June 14 1881.

Editor Post:—My premium ring has just been received, also one for one of the subscribers. They give perfect satisfaction W. H. B.

Three Rivers Mass., June 2?, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium ring, and am well pleased. Many thanks. You will hear from me again soon. M. H.

Cedar Hill, Oregon, June 20 1881.

Editors Post:—The ring, eardrops and stud were duly received. They are much better than I expected and I am highly pleased with them. I like the Post very much indeed, and will do all I can for you. Please accept my sincere thanks. Miss S. E. S.

Lethboro, Ill., June 22 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post: Your premium ring was received and has proved satisfactory. Indeed, it is much better than I expected to receive. I like the paper very much. Miss M. D.

Grove Hill, Clark Co., Ala., June 6 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post.—The paper and ring came safely to hand. I think it beautiful. I feel very grateful to you for my paper and premium. You have acted uprightly, and as gentlemen should. I am now doing all I can for you. G. H. S.

Milbern, N. J., June 21, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium ring to day. Am very much pleased with it. Think it very pretty. It is much better than I expected. Mrs. H. E. S.

Toomb boro, Ga. June 21, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post.—I am very much pleased with the ring you sent me. It exceeds my expectations. You have my thanks for your splendid paper and premium. Miss H. J.

Kildare Cass Co., Texas, May 23, 1881.

Editors of Saturday Evening Post.—I have just received your premium ring and am happy to say I am well pleased with it and highly pleased with your paper. It has the best reading matter I have got hold of. I will do all I can to promote your interest in my power and to spread your paper in Texas.

G. W. T.

Marion, S. C., May 29, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Ring received; everybody sees it says it is a diamond. I wouldn't sell it for anything if I could not get another. I will always subscribe for the Post. L. W.

South Grove May 20, 1881.

Editors Post.—The premium received and am much pleased with it. So are all that see them.

Mrs. A. W.

Raton, Colfax Co., New Mex., June 9, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The Diamante ring has been received. It is beautiful. E. P. L.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books.

Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 Sansom Street, Phila'a.

A GOOD-NIGHT.

BY S. E. W.

By-and-by, the evening falls
Sons of labor rest,
Weary cattle seek the stalls,
Birds are in the nest.
By-and-by the tide will turn,
Change come o'er the sky,
Life's hard task the child will learn,
By-and-by.

By-and-by, the din will cease,
Day's long hours be past,
By-and-by in holy peace
We shall sleep at last.
Calm will be the sea-wind's roar,
Calm we too shall lie,
Toil and moil and weep no more,
By-and-by!

The Point of a Knife.

BY J. F. CAMPBELL.

IT may be necessary to inform the reader that the drink called *toddy* one of the strongest and most intoxicating liquors in India, consists of the sap of the cocoa-tree. The process of obtaining the liquor is simple.

The toddy collector leaves his dwelling after sunset, and seeking the thickest cocoa woods, climbs up, and cuts notches in the bark of such trees as seem like to yield the most juice. Under each notch he affixes a small jar to receive the liquids, which, if drank instantly, is one of the mildest beverages possible, but if left during a few days to ferment in the sun, becomes the most ardent spirit known.

An incident connected with a person who followed the profession of a toddy-collecter happened whilst I was in the country, the details of which are shortly as follows:

The individual in question had left the cottage, which was situated in a cinnamon grove in the Island of Ceylon, little more than half an hour, when a native pedlar called there to exhibit his tempting wares, and to solicit a lodging for the night. The collector's wife, whose whole soul was wrapped up in the idea of finery, was delighted to let him in.

Her jewels which had hitherto been the pride of her life, were now eclipsed, and she sighed with envy as she saw all her former notions of grandeur fade before the contents of the wanderer's pack.

Not daring, however, to purchase without her husband's approval, she was glad to allow the pedlar to rest himself on the bench beneath the door-porch, an arrangement common to Ceylon cottages, in the hope of her husband's return by the morning.

After depositing his valuable knapsack beneath his head, the pedlar fell into a slumber from which he was aroused by hearing a door creak—his sleep being, like that of most of his tribe, so light that the slightest noise was calculated to disturb him.

On opening his eyes, he beheld his hostess with her head protruding through the cottage door, attentively watching her guest.

On seeing him start, she made a short apology for thus awaking him, and retired. The itinerant vender took it in his head however, that all was not right; so, after a short time, he climbed a tall tree, and took up his abode amidst the branches.

Here he had been seated for some time, when he beheld the toddy-collector calmly returning home laden with his utensils, which he carried in a small sack over his shoulder.

Worn out apparently with his exertions, and tempted by the beauty of the night, when he came to his door he paused for a short time; and sitting down on the bench lately occupied by the native merchant, he seemed to fall in a train of deep thought.

Presently, as if disinclined to enter the house, he made a sort of pillow of his well filled bag, and covering his face, as in usual throughout the East, with his cummerbund, he fell fast asleep.

In less than another hour the door of the cottage was quietly opened, and the woman again appeared.

She approached her husband, listened a few moments to ascertain that he slept, and then stepping back a pace, raised her arm, and with her whole force at one blow drove the knife right through her wretched partner's heart.

For an instant only she seemed shocked at what she had done; then recovering herself, she attempted to withdraw the knife, which, having gone completely through her victim, had buried its sharp and fine point in the bench.

After a severe exertion she succeeded, but not without breaking off the point of the cocoa-splitter, which remained fixed in the wood.

The woman's anxiety how to obtain the spoil, for which she had thus perilled soul and body, appeared almost infernal. She seemed to grin in ecstacy at the deed she had done, and pant for the ill-gotten gain she had thus made her own.

Exultingly she dragged what she conceived to be the pack of jewels from beneath the head of the corpse, when the movement drew from her victim's face the cloth that had covered it, and the savage murderess beheld the well-known lineaments of her own husband's countenance.

She gave a sudden scream, and threw down the sack; then, with frantic cries, rushed from the cottage, and sought for shelter in the neighboring woods.

The horror stricken witness feared to move. He kept his position, staring in spite of himself, at the dreadful object beneath him, in a sort of waking dream, till, he was suddenly aroused by seeing the woman, accompanied by several persons (evidently officers of justice), approach the hut.

He then came down and was instantly seized and bound, at the instigation of the woman who, with frantic gestures, declared that she recognized in him the assassin of her adored husband.

The wretched prisoner was immediately brought to trial, and despite of his declarations of innocence, condemned to death, the woman's statement being clear and probable.

She affirmed that the pedlar had come to their house and sought for shelter for the night—a boon her husband had unhesitatingly accorded; that the two men had a severe dispute about the price of some trinkets, when her husband, in a fit of passion, thrust the itinerant merchant out of his house, who she deemed had not gone far, for soon after, the toddy collecter feeling warm and uncomfortable from the debate he had held and the liquor he had drunk, had gone to lie down.

A slight noise, however, awoke his wife, who distinctly saw the wicked traveller stab her husband through the heart; that she then, without uttering any cry, from fear of instant annihilation herself, stole from the back door, and rushed into the town for assistance, and had happily succeeded in arresting the assassin before he had time to escape.

Only one person present doubted the whole story, and that, fortunately for the innocent man, was the enlightened judge before whom the case was tried.

He felt assured of the truth of the defendant's statement, yet he had no means of upsetting the wrong testimony of the woman.

The jury returned a verdict of "guilty" without a moment's hesitation.

However, he had one power, that of reprieve, and he excercised it by delaying the execution of the culprit for fifteen days.

The very instant he left the court a sudden thought struck him. He sent for the bench on which the murder was said to have taken place, had it closely examined, and discovered that the point of a sharp instrument was lodged in it. This he had carefully examined, and found it to be the end of a cocoa-nut knife, which, of course, further strengthened the judge's suspicions, and he sent a fresh reprieve to the prisoner.

He then caused the road leading to the cottage of the deceased from town to be closely searched and ransacked. His efforts happily succeeded.

Close to the edge of a half dried tank the weapon was found; it was rusted with blood had lost its point and bore on its handle the name of the murdered man.

The woman, without receiving any previous notice, was seized, and the knife suddenly produced before her. The sight at once turned the current of her feelings, she fell upon her knees, confessed the whole, declaring that the temptation had been too great for her, but that God had determined she should not escape, since he had brought up the knife from the bottom of a tank, into which she had thrown it, and all she now prayed for was instant death.

Two days afterwards she underwent her just sentence, while the poor pedlar was released from his ignominious confinement.

A SOFT ANSWER.—The husband was of quick temper, and often inconsiderate. They had not been married a year, when one day in a fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife: "I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct you may return to your home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kin." "If I leave you," returned the unhappy wife, will you give me back that which I brought to you?" "Every dollar. I covet not your wealth, you shall have it all back." "Ah!" she answered. "I mean not the wealth of gold. I thought not of the dross. I mean my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes; and the promised blessings of my womanhood. Can you give me these?" "No, no, my wife, I cannot do that, but I will do more. I will keep them henceforth, unsullied and unpained. I will cherish your blessings as my own, and never again will I forget the pledge I gave at the altar, when you gave your peace and happiness to my keeping." How true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath! and how many of the bitter strifes of domestic life might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6 1881.

GENTS.—I have been very low, and have tried everything, to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever.

W. H. WELLER.

EPIC-A-BRAC.

THE PIANOFORTE.—The modern pianoforte was first used in Italy. According to some authorities, an English monk at Rome made the first one in 1711, but priority of invention is claimed both by French and Germans.

THE CATS.—Our domestic favorites—cats—were not highly thought of in the middle ages. They were then looked on as Satanic agents, and burned alive. In Paris every St John's Day, or 21st of June, a number of the abhorred animals were heaped up in baskets and bags in one of the public squares, to afford a grand bonfire, the sovereign himself setting fire to the pile. This practice continued for a long time, the last monarch who officiated in this manner being Louis XIV.

A QUEEN'S SERVANTS.—Queen Victoria's highest priced servant, who is styled "Master of the horse," costs the people $12 500 a year. Her private secretary's salary is $10,000 a year. Her master of buck hounds gets $8 500 a year. An examiner of plays and sports gets $2 000. Four grooms of the privy chamber receive $3 500 each. A groom of the robes receives $4 000. Eight maids of honor, $2 000 each, and Tennyson is paid $1 500 a year out of the public treasury for being a poet laureat. In all $1 500,000 is the expense of the Queen's household servants, paid by public taxation.

THE CAP.—The Romans went for ages without regular covering for the head, and hence the heads of all the ancient statues appear bare. But at one period the cap was a symbol of liberty, and when the Romans gave it to their slaves it entitled them to freedom. The cap was sometimes used as a mark of infamy, and in Italy the Jews were distinguished by a yellow cap, and in France those who had been bankrupts were for ever after obliged to wear a green cap. The general use of caps and hats is referred to the year 1449; the first seen in those parts of the world being at the entry of Charles VII. into Rouen, from which time they took the place of chaperons or hoods.

SANDWICHES.—Sandwiches are said to have been named after the Earl of Sandwich, the celebrated statesman of the reigns of George II. and George III. Grose, the antiquarian, and a contemporary of the earl, notes the sandwich as said to have been a favorite dish of the Earl of Sandwich. The Earl of Sandwich was an inveterate gambler, and so as to be able to eat without stopping the game, used to tell the waiter to bring him for refreshment a slice of meat between two pieces of bread. The word has of late years been applied to men walking in the streets displaying advertisements pasted on boards which are carried before and behind, and between which they are enclosed like the meat in a sandwich.

A CONQUEROR'S COURTSHIP.—The following extract from the life of the wife of the Conqueror is exceedingly curious, as being highly characteristic of the manners of a semi civilized age and nation: "After some years delay, William appears to have become desperate, and, in the year 1047, waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges as she was returning from mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and, not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed. This Teutonic method of courtship brought the affair to a crisis; for Matilda, either convinced of the strength of William's passion by the violence of his behavior, or afraid of encountering a second beating, consented to become his wife."

A FAMOUS DANCE.—In parts of France there is still extant a famous dance. A thousand persons, and more if possible take hold of hands, and forming a gigantic ring, dance around, sideways, with a sort of hop-and-step jump, the arms being at the same time swung violently to and fro. The strain produced by the great number of dancers whirling around is so great as to make it extremely difficult to retain hold of each other's hands; many girls are obliged to give way, and then follow shouts of laughter as the dancers endeavor to close up and repair the breach by joining hands. The exercise is most violent, one round of the ring sufficing to bathe the dancers' faces in perspiration. They nevertheless hold out as long as possible, trying to tire each other down, and not until they are actually too fatigued to move, do they retire from the ring.

MISNOMERS.—Oysters which are raised in artificial beds are called Natives. Surely, oysters in their own natural beds ought to be called the Natives. German silver contains no silver, nor was the compound invented by a German. Mosaic gold has no connection either with Moses or the metal gold; it is an alloy of copper and zinc. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but is the precipitate formed by adding protoxide of iron to red prussiate of potash. Galvanised iron is not galvanized; it is simply iron coated with zinc. Salad oil is not oil for salads, but oil for cleaning sallets or salads, i. e., helmets. Sealing wax does not contain a particle of wax; it is compounded of shellac, Venice turpentine, and cinnabar—the latter gives the familiar deep red color. Meerschaum is not petrified sea foam, as the name purports it to be; it is a mixture of silica, magnesia, and water.

WHAT?

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here—still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceberg
On a sea with sunny shore;
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives, and frets, and frets:
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is what he gets.

How She Heard It

BY M VENTAL.

UNDOUBTEDLY Mr. Clabaugh ought to have been wiser, after twenty nine years knowledge of his nephew, than to have been at all annoyed or impatient because that nephew was late to breakfast. But Mr Clabaugh had important business on hand, and was eager to transact it.

The long dining room of the Pengood Hotel was quite deserted, save by Mr. Clabaugh and one or two waiters, when Mr. Jasper Burridge eventually made his appearance.

"I seem to be a little late," Jasper coolly remarked, after exchanging salutations with his uncle; "I am sorry you waited."

"If you know why I desired to meet you here, what my business with you is, you would not wonder that I waited. You remember hearing me speak of that eccentric old Philip Ellifle, for whom I have made so many wills?"

"The man who lived in Merton?"

"Yes, the same. Well, he is dead."

"Who has got his money and property?—one of the old maid cousins, or a hospital?"

"Neither. A person of whose existence I never heard until I made his last will; his only grandchild, Acantha Ellifle."

"What an outlandish name! I thought he was a bachelor!"

"So did I, but he was married in his young days, and had one son, Pablo, whom he drove from home by his ill-temper and his miserly ways. This son also married and died, leaving one daughter Acantha; as this girl is his legal heir, none of the many aspirants can ever claim the property."

"Curious! But why telegraph for me?"

"This girl is young rich—and unmarried."

"Ah, I understand! I, too, am young and unmarried, but, alas! not rich. You think there are possibilities for me?"

"But, by the way," and Mr. Clabaugh's tone changed from complacency to anxiety, "is there any entanglement between you and Lottie?"

"Oh, no, nothing serious, only a flirtation: I have not committed myself."

"That is lucky. It wouldn't do, you know, for my nephew to be caught in anything dishonorable; it would injure both of us. Of looks I know nothing; but as she has been a teacher in one of the board schools at Clarendon for the last two years, she must have some sort of an education. Now my plans are that you start for Clarendon to night, or we will say to morrow. When you reach Clarendon, look in the Directory for the name of Ellifle—it is not a common one—and make Acantha's acquaintance as well as you can. Here are letters of introduction to three of my friends there, but don't use them if you can help it. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes! But will not she, or someone smell a rat? My appearance in Clarendon just as she becomes an heiress——"

"She will not know she is an heiress until I see fit to tell her. I intend to give you from one to three weeks' start, I am not well; my physician has ordered me to the mountains to recuperate; how can I attend to business now?"

"I see! I must make hay before the sun shines. Miss Acantha will have first a lover, then a fortune; which is rather reversing the usual order of things."

"You are serious, Jasper! You will really try to win this young lady?"

"I am seriously—very seriously—in want of money, and as for trying to win this rural damsel (for Clarendon is hardly more than a village) well, I think I can do it," answered Jasper Burridge, complacently, as he arose from the table and sauntered out to the hotel steps.

When he made his appearance in church the morning after his arrival in Clarendon, there was quite a flutter among not a few of the tender young hearts, and at least a score of bright eyes looked the question, "Who is that handsome man?"

With his mind concentrated upon the unknown heiress, Jasper carefully surveyed the congregation, and sighed for some fairy to whisper to him, "This is she."

Presently the organ pealed forth, and a clear, sweet, mezzo soprano voice sang an anthem, "Come unto me all ye that labor."

Regardless of the place, Burridge turned to his next neighbor, and whispered, "Who is that charming singer?"

"Miss Ellifle," was the startling answer.

The Directory had already showed him there was only one family of that name in the town—"Mrs. Jane Ellifle, 17, Willow Street; Acantha Ellifle, school teacher, 17, Willow Street;" evidently this was the heiress.

"What does she look like?" was his next thought. So he turned round and took a good long look at the singer, resuming his mental conversation, he said, "Medium height, slender, dark eyes and hair, good complexion, decently, though plainly dressed; she will do!"

To make sure that this was the person he sought, he discreetly followed her home, and when he saw her enter 17 Willow Street, he was satisfied. He delivered one of his letters of introduction the next morning, and as soon as he could he began to rave over the "exquisite voice, the most delightful voice," he had heard in church, and innocently asked the singer's name; then, finding that his new friend knew her, he begged him to present him to her.

Chuckling at his good luck, he began to make delicate but assiduous love to Miss Acantha, and was charmed to find that she did not repulse him: on the contrary, after a few days she seemed to give him some little encouragement—not boldly, however, but timidly and innocently.

Mrs Ellifle was not so cordial as he could have wished, but still she was not exactly inimical, and there was no one else to interfere—at least, no one of whom he knew anything.

"Acantha Ellifle's conduct is really disgusting!" whispered the gossips within a week after Burridge's arrival in Clarendon. "Before this stranger appeared she accepted Herbert Luttrell's attentions with avidity, but now she quite ignores him."

"He hasn't been to Willow Street since last Sunday," responded another gossip, "while this Mr. Burridge is there every evening, takes Acantha out for a drive every afternoon, and sends her books and flowers every morning."

From this it may be judged that he was getting along swimmingly.

And one night when he returned to his hotel he telegraphed to his uncle:

"Come at once. The fates are propitious."

The fates are proverbially eccentric; so Burridge realized when on calling at 17 Willow Street, he was told that Acantha was too ill with nervous headache to see anyone. In the meantime Mr. Clabaugh arrived and congratulated his nephew warmly on his success, but also in the meantime, simultaneously with Mr. Clabaugh's arrival came the rumor of old Mr. Ellifle's death, and the next morning it was announced in the local newspapers, with the addition:—

"This gentleman was unknown to our townsmen; nevertheless his large fortune is to come to us, Miss Acantha Ellifle, teacher of the Oak Street Grammar School, being his heiress."

"Confound these newspapers! The fat is in the fire now," was Jasper's savage exclamation when he read those lines. "What possessed the girl to have a headache last night?"

"No matter. You are virtually accepted. You can still make a good point. Show her the notice, and say that of course she will not want you now that she is rich; that you cannot submit to be called mercenary; that will fetch her." And so it did.

The uncle and nephew called together that morning, and after the former had told Acantha of her grandfather's bequest, the latter ruefully withdrew his proposal.

"Oh, Mr. Burridge, what a poor opinion you must have of me! Do you think I would permit the wealth of the Indies to come between me and the man I love? No true woman ever weighs love against money."

"Miss Ellifle, you overwhelm me! You are nobler——" stammered Jasper Burridge.

"Nobler than you are?" said Acantha sarcastically, with a sudden change in voice and manner. "I might easily be that! Gentlemen," continued she, slowly, opening the door that led into the hall, and laying her hand within the arm of Herbert Luttrell, who stood there with a smile on his face, "let me present to you my husband, he who loved me when I was poor, and to whom I was married this morning!"

The two plotters gasped and turned pale. Jasper was the first to recover himself. He exclaimed—

"Miss Ellifle, your conduct has been unwomanly! You encouraged me, and ——"

"Why did I encourage you?" she asked, quietly interrupting him. "For your own good—to teach you a lesson. Mr. Burridge, your conduct has been most unmanly! You jilted Miss Lottie solely for my money; you would have married me with a lie on your lips! Ah, you both look surprised; you wonder who revealed your secret? Your uncle, Mr. Clabaugh was my informant."

"I was not," Mr. Clabaugh retorted.

"Yes, you were. I was an unnoticed listener to part of your conversation at the Pengood Hotel, and your vacillatoriness, Mr. Burridge, gave me the one day's start needed to come home and instruct my mother and Hubert as to my plan. Perhaps you remember that the waiters at that hotel were all young ladies; several of us schoolteachers needed both money and change of air, so we engaged ourselves during the vacation as waiters at the Pengood Hotel, and gained some money, plenty of exercise, mountain air, and a little fun. In addition, I gained material for a parlor comedy, in which you, Mr. Burridge, have admirably performed the part of first villain. Ring down the curtain!"

WALL-SCRIBBLINGS.

DESPITE his withering touch, Time, the destroying angel, has here and there permitted some of the most fragile and evanescent things to remain, as silent memorials among long past generations. Not least among these relics of ancient life and thought, are the graffiti or wall scribblings, mostly scratched by some pointed instrument, or made with red chalk or charcoal.

They are found upon the colossal mausoleums and temples of Egypt, and in association with the mysterious inscriptions upon the rocks of Sinai, upon the tombs of Jerusalem, and within and around the chambers of ghastly Pompeii; while others have been brought to light within the area of the Eternal City.

The old authors—Plautus, Pliny, and Aristophanes, each refer to the practice of wall scribbling. Lucian mentions that, in his time inscriptions covered the western gate of Athens; and Plutarch informs us that Tiberius Gracchus was chiefly aided in his agrarian scheme by proclamations of this sort upon the monuments, pillars, and houses of the city.

Those of Pompeii claim the first attention. Though nearly twenty centuries old, the thoughtless school boy's scrawls, the love-sick gallant's doggerel, or the caricature of some friend, foe, or popular favorite, are still as clear as though executed by an idler of yesterday. Some are memoranda of domestic transactions; some telling us, for instance, how many tunics were sent to the wash; another, when a donkey was born. On the interior wall of a tavern may be read the Latin words for "Welcome, comrades." The walls also bear some inscriptions which are simply names, but sometimes there is an epithet attached, which is either complimentary or the reverse. We select a few: "Oppius, ballet-dancer, thief and pilferer." One speaks of "sheep faced Lygnus, strutting about like a peacock, and giving himself airs on the strength of his good looks." Another exclaims, "O Opaphras, thou art bald; Corydon is a clown; O Opaphras, thou art no tennis-player." A friendly hand has, however, drawn a line through the last offensive remark, but it is none the less legible.

Others appear to be no more than the alphabetical exercises of school children, for they are evidently the work of juvenile hands.

But a large number of the graffiti are of an amorous character. One is very touching in its simplicity and suggestiveness. Within the conventional outline of a heart are the words "My life;" while another exclaims: "Love is sweet;" in a third, a disappointed lover thus expresses himself: "Farewell, my Siva; try to love me;" while one of the gentler sex is said to love "Ossunt us." Another runs thus: "No one is handsome except him who has love."

The tavern graffiti are very curious, and sometimes amusing. A sufferer from eternal drought thus earnestly appeals: "Dear landlady, he is thirsty; I earnestly entreat you, he is thirsty." Another asks for more drink: "Give one cup more of wine." On a jar the words "First rate liquors" have been found. In one case customers are invited by the following notice affixed to a street corner, somewhat after the manner of modern advertising: "Visit the inn of Lianus; turn to the right." On one tavern wall there is a rude sketch of a customer holding out his cup and asking: "Give a little co-wa'er."

TELL YOUR WIVES.—A woman's advice is generally worth having: so if you are in any trouble, tell your mother or your wife or sister all about it. Be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical students of the sex thus judge them. A man, therefore, should keep none of his affairs a secret from his wife. Many a home has been happily saved and many a fortune retrieved by a man's full confidence in his wife. Woman is far more seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a rule the wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence? The men who succeed best in life are those who make confidants of their wives.

QUEER IDEAS OF QUEER PEOPLE.

A TRAVELER relates that he once saw a man of an Australian tribe full of the utmost distress and disgust because his mother-in-law's shadow had fallen across his legs. He had been lying at the foot of an enormous gum tree, which hid him from the old lady's view as she approached, and so the catastrophe occurred. Among less scrupulous savages mothers-in-law are not absolutely avoided, but there must be no theeing or thouing; they are respectfully addressed in the dual or plural. Among certain American tribes a man must strictly avoid meeting his own father-in-law. In parts of Oceanica, if a married black fellow, aided by an unmarried black fellow, kills a kangaroo, the whole quarry goes to the father-in-law and mother-in-law except the left leg, the share of the married man, and the right leg, the property of the bachelor. If a married man is lucky enough to spear a native bear his parents-in-law get the left side and two legs, he himself obtains part of the head, and gives his wife a portion, while she supplies her sister with the ears. These negotiations naturally have to be conducted through the wife, while the hunter makes his own arrangements with his own father and mother. When a wombat is slain the father-in-law only gets the backbone, and the mother-in-law some skin. Much ill feeling is naturally caused, we may presume, when a hunter is always supplying the camp with wombat, and never with native bear or kangaroo. Owing to the simple and salutary rules of intercourse, however, the mother-in-law cannot reproach the bread winner, or rather, we should say, the wombat winner of the family.

The Aleutian Islander knows nothing of what civilized nations call modesty, yet the bashful creature positively blushes when he is obliged to speak to his wife, or to ask her for anything in the presence of others. Custom compels them to assume the attitude of perfect strangers; and it is greatly to be desired that this rule, or a modification of it, might be introduced into Germany, where betrothed people behave in company as if they were alone in a wilderness of space, or possessed of the secret of fern seed of causing invisibility. The Hottentots used to have a bad character for domestic affection, because they were never seen to speak to their own wives. But the Hottentot is not really cold and indifferent; he is only compelled, by the law of his people, to act so to his wife. The lady may never enter her husband's room in the hut and the husband, as among the Spartans, must never be seen in the neighborhood of the wife. Among a certain African tribe, this domestic avoidance is carried out with the extremest rigor. A woman is forbidden to speak to her husband, and not even to see him if it can possibly be avoided. The Circassians are equally shy. A Circassian bridegroom must not see his wife, nor live with her without the greatest mystery, and the unconverted natives of the Fiji Islands display the utmost distress of mind when adventurous missionaries suggest that there is no real harm in a man's living under the same roof with his wife. So far do the Hos carry this feeling, and so opposite to our own are their ideas of decorum, that it is the correct thing for a wife to run away from her husband. In this case the lady leaves her lord, and it is his duty to try to make her return to the family tent. This goes even farther among other islanders of the Pacific. The young Kanaka bolts with a wild scream into the bush if you even mention the name of his amiable sister, while in Fiji not only brothers and sisters, but first cousins of opposite sexes, strictly avoid each other, and may neither eat together nor speak to each other.

DRESSING THE HAIR.—Abroad the style of hair dressing has continued for centuries as the distinguishing mark of certain nations, of certain provinces and sometimes even of certain villages. Who would fail to recognize a Dutch woman by her plaits? In France alone there is an enormous contrast between the gigantic black ribbon of the Alsatian women and the cotton cap of the Normans. In towns a different order of things reigns. Without exactly emulating the wife of Marcus Aurelius, who in nineteen years had her hair done in 300 different ways, the women of cities change their style at least ten times in a similar period. One need not be exactly an octogenarian to remember seeing ladies in turbans, and later on there was the hideous chignon, which took the place of the almost equally ugly puffs and rolls stuffed with prepared horsehair. As to our forefathers they were in worse case. In their time they saw the feminine head raised to the height of absurdity in the form of a frigate in full sail, a cabriolet or hedgehog, and as suddenly sink. The 'cabriolet' period was a fine time for hairdressers. Five or six hours were necessary to erect the huge edifice of the hair. A French lady going to a royal ball, made the hairdresser arrange a little garden on the top of her head, in the garden a grove, and in the grove an altar supporting the portrait of her husband. Another, on a similar occasion, represented a three decked vessel, masts and sails complete. From statistics of the time it appears that in Paris alone 15 000 hairdressers subsisted by the industry of hairpins and curl papers.

BY-AND-BY.

BY ANON.

O birds, that flit by ocean's rim,
And make your plaint to silent sky;
O waves that lap horizons dim,
Ye shall be tranquil by-and-by.

O rose tree, giving petals fair,
In some lost garden lone to lie,
Weep not because your stems are bare;
They shall re-blossom by-and-by.

O singer, singing in the night,
Turn not and curse the heavens and die,
Your heritage is peace and light;
You shall be richer by-and-by.

AN OPAL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEMBERS OF LOVE," "MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC., ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XXX.

ON the morning after his debauch Fancourt awoke in a state of despondency, and in the worst of humors. He swore at the imperturbable John, and then shed a few maudlin tears over his misery. He sent his breakfast away untasted, and called for brandy and soda-water, after which he declared his intention of going up to London.

He could not live without Lena. Only one day more and she would be his—and surely in her society he would escape the fiends that haunted him. He would take her abroad, where he would have her all to himself, and there he would begin a new life—there he would have nothing to drive him on to evil deeds that he would never have committed had fate only been more kind to him. Thus he thought while preparing for his journey to town.

John had been astir early in the morning, and had already made one or two calls in the neighborhood, although the small hours had seen him up and busy.

"Aren't you going to call at the cottage this morning, sir?" he said, as he handed his master his hat and gloves. "Mrs Lemont isn't well, I hear."

With a volley of oaths Fancourt wished the cottage and Mrs Lemont and John all at perdition, and, striding off towards the railway station, bade his man follow him. As they stood together on the platform waiting for the train to come up, he told John to have everything prepared to return to Magnus Square early on the following day.

"It's a deuced bore—Lord Alphington and those Langleys will be there. However, after to-morrow I shall be quit of the whole infernal lot for a time. Where's Juno?" he went on as John made no answer to his remark.

"Juno was very bad, sir, and I thought it better to have her put out of the way yesterday, when you were out," replied John, without the shrinking of a muscle.

Fancourt swore at him again for a meddlesome fool, but appeared rather relieved by the news. He was going to say something more, when the train came snorting up; he had only time to jump into a carriage. As he took his seat another person got into the same carriage—a tall thin man with iron-gray hair, who might from his appearance have been a minister, or perhaps a schoolmaster. He took no notice of Fancourt, but buried himself behind a newspaper.

When the train arrived at the Victoria Station, however, and Fancourt hailed a hansom and drove off to Ivy Cottage the stranger called another cab, and followed at a distance. When Fancourt returned in the evening, the stranger was again in the same train, though not this time in the same carriage.

John watched the train as it whirled away, and then walked towards a gentleman's house at some little distance. After transacting his business there, which did not occupy many minutes, he went on to the cottage. Perkins opened the door when he knocked, and at the same time Eliza put her head out of the parlor door. They both looked pale and scared.

"Oh, Mr John, I'm so thankful you've come!" said Perkins. "Mistress is so bad. Some one ought to go for the doctor; but that foolish girl is afeard to be left. Will you go, Mr John?"

"Certainly, certainly, Mr Perkins," John replied; "but I'm a bit of a doctor myself. Can I see your mistress?"

"Oh, yes, Mr John! Come in—pray do!" cried Eliza, her apron to her eyes. "She's dying—I know she's dying—and what shall we do?"

"Hush! Don't make a noise, my good girl," said John, as he entered the room.

Mrs Lemont was dressed, but lying on the sofa, pale as a corpse except where a spot of rouge on each cheek made the rest of her face appear more ghastly. Her lips were drawn, and great drops of moisture stood on her brow.

"She's gone off fainting like that twice since breakfast time," said Eliza; "and then she couldn't eat nothing, she was so sick."

"Go for a doctor, there's a good fellow," said John to Perkins. "I'll stay with your mistress."

Perkins, not sorry to evade the responsibility, struggled into his coat.

"First give me some brandy," requested John.

"Here's some we've been giving her," said Perkins, pointing to a bottle on the table. "Mr. Fancourt left it for her, thinking it might do her good."

"Have you any other in the house?" John asked.

"I think there's some in the cupboard," Perkins replied, wondering why John wanted another bottle.

The sideboard cupboard proved to be open, and Perkins brought out a small decanter with brandy in it.

"Mr Fancourt said this wasn't good; that's fine pale brandy," Perkins remarked, as with some hesitation he put into John's hands what he considered an inferior article.

"That will do; now make haste—be off," said John, applying himself to bathe the unfortunate woman's temples and the palms of her hands with the spirit, and the look of intense suffering in her face diminished.

"Don't leave me" she murmured faintly. "I have no one! I can trust you!"

"I won't leave you till the doctor comes, marm," said John. "Try to take a little of this."

He carefully rinsed out the glass that stood on the table, and, pouring in some brandy from the decanter, he raised her head on his arm, and held the glass to her lips. She sipped a little, and seemed somewhat revived.

"I'm very ill," she said.

"I'm afraid you are, marm," John returned. "Do you know how you came to be took so bad?"

"No," said Mrs Lemont. "I felt sick and ill yesterday; when Mr Fancourt came in the evening, after he returned from town, I told him, he said he would get me something at the chemist's to do me good. I've taken two doses of what he brought me but I've been worse—much worse." She spoke in gasps. "Raise me a little more," she said.

He raised her, whilst Eliza placed cushions to support her in a half sitting position.

"Eliza, if I were you, I'd go and make a cup of arrowroot—and make it with milk," he said; adding, under his breath, "Milk's an antidote in some cases."

"I'll do it, Mr. John," the girl replied; "I'll get it, and be back in no time. Missus hasn't taken nothing since breakfast time yesterday." Overpowered by this reflection, Eliza again put her handkerchief to her eyes as she ran out of the room.

John looked round, and perceived a bottle standing on the chimney piece.

"Is this the medicine Mr Fancourt got for you, marm?" John asked, as he took the bottle and held it up to the light.

"Yes," Mrs Lemont faintly replied. "Don't give me any more—it makes me worse."

"Ah, I shouldn't wonder!" said John. "By your leave, I'll take it, and have it altered; I should say it wasn't just the thing for your case. And I've a word of advice to give you," he continued, approaching the sofa again, and speaking in a low tone. "Don't take anything from Mr. Fancourt's hands, or anything that he orders."

Mrs Lemont opened her eyes in wild affright, an expression of horror distorting her corpse like face; she endeavored to raise herself.

"Oh, great Heaven, he has poisoned me!" she exclaimed.

"Had he any motive?" John inquired, preserving his outward calmness, though touched by the unhappy woman's suffering.

"Oh, I don't know! He wanted me to leave the country, and I wouldn't. Oh, save me, and I'll give you all I have!" she cried.

Terror seemed to have given her strength. Trembling from head to foot she clutched John's arm, as if life or death lay in his arbitrament.

"Take courage," said John, soothingly. "You'll get better; the doctor will be here soon." And then he added, in a tone of indignation, "You'll live to see that scoundrel punished yet!"

"A scoundrel he is! None knows that better than I," sobbed the wretched woman.

"What is he to you?" asked John, fixing his shrewd eyes upon her, while he stretched out his disengaged hand for the glass containing the brandy.

Letting go John's arm, she covered her face with her hands and moaned, rocking herself to and fro. Bodily pain and mental anguish struggled with the fierce uprising of the will to revenge herself upon the man who would have destroyed her.

"Take another sip of this, and try to compose yourself," said John.

Unable to hold the glass, she yet lifted her face and allowed John to put it to her lips. She clung to the hope of life, striving against the faintness that again threatened to overpower her. Hearing Elizabeth coming from the kitchen, he met her at the door, and took from her the cup of arrowroot she was bringing.

"I have something to talk to your mistress about," he said. "I will ring if you're wanted."

Eliza, obeying something of authority in the man's tone, without exactly knowing why, gave him the cup without a word, and retired to the kitchen. John tasted the arrowroot before Mrs. Lemont to give her courage, and then helped her to hold the cup while she took a few spoonfuls.

"That will do you good," he said, briskly.

A slight tinge of color returned to her face; she put her hand up to her brow, wiping the perspiration away with her handkerchief.

"You ask me what he is to me," she said, more clearly than she had yet spoken; "I will tell you. He has been my tyrant, my persecutor—and I am his wife."

"His wife! Mercy on us!" exclaimed John, in his surprise nearly letting the cup fall. "His wife! Then he had indeed a motive."

"What motive?" cried Mrs Lemont, eagerly, again clutching John's arm. "Tell me; I will know!"

"I may as well—it will have to come out," John said.

And then he told the unhappy wife, with more gentleness than he might have been supposed capable of, the story of her husband's infidelity—told her that in two days from that time he was to have married Madeline Dalton. Again the strong will conquered.

"The villain! I suspected it! The base, cruel, perjured villain! You'll help me to my revenge!" Her grasp of John's arm tightened like a vice.

"I will help to justice all those he has injured; it is for that I am here," he said.

"You!" cried Mrs Lemont, loosening her hold of the man's arm, frightened at she knew not what indefinable change in her companion's tone. "Who are you then? What are you?"

"I am a detective," he replied, gravely, taking off his dark whig and polishing his bald head with his handkerchief, "and my name is John Rigga."

Mrs. Lemont gave a shriek, and, slipping off the sofa, fell at his feet.

"Mercy, mercy," she cried, "and I will confess all!"

"I have no wish to hurt you, ma'am," said Rigga, lifting Mrs. Lemont from the ground and placing her on the sofa again, "though I'm sorry to say you must consider yourself under arrest; and I must caution you that whatever you say may be used in evidence against you."

"I don't care!" she said, wildly. "I don't care what becomes of me, if only he is punished! I'll give up the ring—I have it! I only wanted it all proof against him at need, and I'll tell all—all!"

She had overtaxed her strength in her frenzy of rage. Her lips turned white again, and she once more fell back fainting on the cushions. Fortunately at this juncture Perkins returned, bringing a doctor with him.

"Goodness ha' mercy!" exclaimed the former, nearly tumbling against the sideboard, when he saw the transformation that had taken place in his friend John.

"I must beg a word with you, sir, before I leave this lady in your hands," said Rigga, taking no notice of Perkins, but addressing himself to the doctor.

Opening the window, he gave a shrill whistle, when a policeman appeared at the garden gate. Going to the door he beckoned him in, spoke a few words to him, and then, returning to the parlor door, he requested the doctor, who had just succeeded in partially reviving Mrs. Lemont from her swoon, to accompany him into the dining-room on the other side of the passage. Here he briefly stated the facts of the case as they had come under his knowledge.

"I commend this unfortunate woman to your care, sir," he said, in conclusion. "You will be so good as to give notice, if she recovers, when she can be removed without danger."

"All right, Eliza, my dear," he said to the frightened girl, who was standing in the passage as the doctor returned to his patient. "Keep your head on your shoulders, and attend to your mistress. You'll find my friend here will give no trouble," he added, pointing to the policeman. "Rather blue about about the gills—eh, Perkins! I hope you didn't take too much of that fine French brandy. You'd better ask the doctor to give you a dose."

Perkins was leaning against the banisters, looking white and pendulous about the upper lip. He did not attempt any reply; the circumstances that had just transpired were too much for his bewildered brain to take in so speedily.

With a nod Rigga left the cottage, saying he should return either that evening or early in the morning, and proceeded to the house of the magistrate at which he had already called that morning for the indorsements of the warrants.

"She's in a risky state. If she keeps in the same mind about turning evidence, we must have a magistrate," he said to himself, as he stepped quickly along.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BREAKFAST was late at Ivy Cottage on the morning after the ball. Bertha awoke feeling as if what had occurred must have been a dream. She seemed scarcely to realize it all, scarcely fully to comprehend the changes that might come. Her lover's fond words rang in her ears, filling her heart with a bliss hitherto unknown—that, at any rate, was no dream, she told herself—and at the same time what he had said respecting her sister's marriage, vague as it was, made her shiver with alarm. She knew not what to dread, on which side the blow would fall, but the conviction took possession of her that something would yet intervene to break off the match. Ought she to rejoice or grieve? Even that question she could not satisfactorily answer; and she could speak to no one, make no one a sharer in her suspense, for she knew she should not see St. Lawrence that day.

To her great joy, his letter arrived in the afternoon, dispersing for the time all doubts and fears. It was so sweet to her to read over and over again the assurance of his undying love, to dwell upon his words of endearment. To be his, to walk through life hand in hand with him, was all she asked of fate. Even if he should be obliged to leave the country, as he had said might be the case, was there not space enough in the world where they might be happy with each other?

Her imagination flew to a vine covered cottage, perhaps on one of the Italian lakes, where the artist would have plenty of subjects for his pencil. How she would manage so that no little sordid troubles should distract him! How she would smooth his daily path so that his mind might be given to his beautiful art without disturbance! And when fame came to him, as come it must, how she would glory in it! How proud she would feel to see his worth recognised, to find that others honored him as she would honor him always!

With these thoughts floating through her mind she fell asleep at night, St. Lawrence's letter clasped in her hand.

But there was one in the adjoining room who could not sleep—who felt as if she should never again. Many times during the past day Lena had intended to question Bertha as to what had passed between her and St. Lawrence on the evening before, but she could find no opportunity. Bertha had been at her mother's beck and call all day, and hurry and confusion prevailed at Ivy Cottage. With people going and coming, orders to be given and received, rooms untidy with the last preparations for the forthcoming wedding, notes to write, a thousand details to attend to, Lena the only idle one, could not get Bertha to herself for five minutes.

Her mood had been sullen and petulant. Fancourt had fallen in for a full share of her ill-humor. Never had he appeared more repulsive to her; she scarcely took the trouble to conceal her dislike. But he did not care; the day but one after that would make her his, and then let her set herself in opposition to his will if she dared. He did not remain long at Ivy Cottage that day. He also had last preparations to make. Mrs. Dalton would have apologised for Lena by attributing her perverseness to a girl's natural shrinking from leaving home for an untried sphere of existence; but Fancourt interrupted her rudely, saying that Lena might please herself now—by and by she would have to please him.

Lena brooded over her miseries, real and imagined, after she went to bed, till she could bear it no longer. She rose, and, throwing a dressing gown round her, she lighted her lamp and stole into Bertha's room. Standing by the bedside, and shading the lamp with her hand, she gazed upon the sleeper. A soft flush lingered on Bertha's cheeks, and a happy smile on her lips.

Lena had been so little accustomed to regard her sister except as one subservient to herself that she seemed now all at once to see her with new eyes. It had never before occurred to her that Bertha might become her rival. Now, as she gazed at her sleeping with the light of happiness on her face, she was compelled to admit to herself that her sister was well calculated to win a man's heart, and to hold it when won.

She softly drew the letter from between Bertha's loosened fingers and, setting down the lamp, unfolded the note and read it through—read how utterly she had deceived herself, how entirely the love she had been sinfully indulging was in vain; read also her own condemnation in the part she was acting. Tortured, self-accused, torn by conflicting passions, she stood, not knowing whether to go or stay, when Bertha, roused by the light or by Lena's movement, opened her eyes, and started up in bed in alarm.

"Lena," she cried, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Ill!" returned Lena, with a bitter laugh. "No! What should make me ill when the crowning day of my life will be the day after to-morrow? But I could not sleep; I came here to ask you something."

"What do you want to ask me?" inquired Bertha, far from being reassured by her sister's manner. And then she perceived that Lena had taken St Lawrence's letter. She stretched out her hand for it.

"You shouldn't have taken that," she said; "it was not intended for you to read."

"Why not?" asked Lena, in the same bitter tone. "It is so exceedingly complimentary to me—and one likes compliments, you know. So it is you St Lawrence loved all

along—and you know it!" she went on, her mocking tone changing to one of anger.

"No; I did not know it till last night," Bertha replied, with a bright blush. "At one time I hoped it, and then I made up my mind I had been mistaken, when he no longer came to the house."

"And it was for Douglas's sake he stayed away—and Douglas loved you too!" Lena exclaimed. "Oh, Bertha, why could you not have loved him? Why did you not marry him?" she cried, wildly. "Why need you have won St. Lawrence too? He might have loved me once!"

"Lena, are you mad?" exclaimed Bertha, looking with frightened eyes at her sister's flushed and agitated countenance. "What have you to do with St Lawrence's love? You are to be a bride before many hours."

Lena pressed her hands to her temples, and fell on her knees by the bedside.

"A bride—yes! I have made my choice, haven't I? And I would do the same again. And yet I loved another all the while. Bertha, you cannot marry St Lawrence," she went on, in a wild voice: "you shall not marry him! He is a disgraced man going under a feigned name. Our mother will never give her consent."

"You are speaking of you know not what, Lena," Bertha rejoined, with difficulty retaining her calmness. "No disgrace can ever attach to Eustace St Lawrence. I know the name he goes by is not his own, but, if the mystery that hangs over him should never be cleared up, I shall not doubt him. If he called upon me to be his wife and to follow him to-morrow, I would go with him with the most perfect trust to the very ends of the earth. But we are not thinking of marrying yet," she added, checking herself in the gush of feeling that had prompted her words. "There is no need to trouble mamma at present."

"I tell you you shall not marry him!" cried Lena, still more fiercely, clutching the bedclothes in her hands as she knelt. "Why should you be happy and I miserable!"

"Lena, dear Lena, you don't know what you say," Bertha returned, more and more frightened by her sister's manner. "Why should you be miserable? You do not love Mr. Fancourt; tell him so even now at the eleventh hour—give up this hateful marriage. What does it matter what the world may say? We will go abroad for a while—we will do anything you wish. Oh, Lena, listen to me, for the sake of your life's happiness—for your soul's peace!" Bertha took her sister's cold hands in hers as she spoke, but Lena snatched them away.

"What will you do for me?" she demanded. "Will you give up St. Lawrence?"

"No," Bertha replied firmly; "nor ought you to ask it of me. I have given him my faith; if I broke it, I should be false to him and to myself."

"Then neither will I give up," Lena replied, her countenance hardening into a set expression of pride and defiance as she rose from her knees. "Do not think I shall envy you. If St. Lawrence had loved me, I dare say I should have tired of him—a poor landscape painter without a name. I am more fitted for the life I have chosen. It is better as it is. I think I have been mad to night; forget it, and go to sleep again." She took up her lamp as she spoke, but set it down again, putting up her hand to her brow, on which there was an expression of pain. "My head is dizzy," she said. "I dare not be alone. Let me lie down by you."

Bertha, much alarmed, made room for her sister beside her. She believed that Lena was really ill, that her mind was wandering, and accused herself of having spoken too vehemently. She watched anxiously as Lena, at first tossing restlessly, became more calm, and at length dropped asleep as the sky began to show signs of dawn.

Bertha was too much distressed to sleep again. Though she had no doubt that much of what Lena had said had been merely the fevered imaginings of delirium, yet it betokened a mind ill at ease; and, notwithstanding the dreaded day that was to seal her sister's fate was now so near, she yet expected some revelation to take place, some event to occur, that would put a bar to the marriage, but as to what it would be she could form no conjecture. "Would it not be well if Lena should prove to be really suffering, so that the day would have to be postponed?" she asked herself. Was she wrong in almost wishing it might be so? The night before she had gone to sleep absorbed in dreams of her own happiness; now the fears and troubles arising from what she had observed of her sister's state of mind, and from the vague warnings she had received, returned in full force.

As soon as it was daylight she rose and dressed herself, leaving her sister still sleeping. The day threatened to be gray and sombre, a mist hung over the garden and hid the adjoining houses. It was cold, and she wrapped a shawl about her. She did not wish to say anything to her mother till Lena awoke, and she could see what effects quiet sleep had produced. She heard her mother moving about. Soon after Lena opened her eyes. Raising herself on her elbow, she looked bewildered at first on finding herself in Bertha's bed, and then she remembered.

"Are you there, Bertha?" she said. "I think I must have had a bad dream last night. I was talking sad nonsense, wasn't I?"

"How do you feel now?" Bertha asked, coming to her side. "Are you better? Will you have your breakfast upstair?"

Lena caught at the idea.

"Yes, bring it to me, that's a dear. But I am quite well now. You must not think anything of what I have said, and do not say anything to mamma, except that my head aches rather, and I want to rest a while longer."

"No, there's no occasion to alarm mamma, if you are really better. Oh, Lena, how you frightened me last night!" said Bertha.

"There, don't let us talk any more about it," Lena returned. "Do I look ill?"

Traces of strong emotion were visible on her pale cheeks, and dark lines were under her eyes.

"You are certainly not looking your best," said Bertha. "I will go and get up a cup of coffee. Stay quietly here; no one shall disturb you."

Lena went down stairs before one o'clock, the hour at which Fancourt usually paid his first visit; but at one o'clock Fancourt did not make his appearance. Another hour passed, but still he did not come. Neither Mrs Dalton nor Lena seemed to take much notice of his absence, attributing it to pressure of business; but to Bertha it seemed ominous. Every sound, every ring at the gate made her start with apprehension. She could scarcely attend to her mother's directions about what she wished to have done.

About half-past two Sarah came into the small parlor where they were sitting in the midst of bridal favors, to say that a young woman was in the kitchen, wanting to see "Miss Lena."

"She seems quite upset, 'm," said Sarah; "but she won't tell her business to none but Miss Dalton, she says."

"Wants to see me? How very odd!" said Lena, rising and going out.

She soon came back, looking much disturbed.

"It's the strangest thing, mamma," she said. "I can't quite make it out. Her mistress is dying, the young woman says, and has sent her for me. She says she has something to communicate to me, or she cannot die in peace. She told the girl to say it was the lady who had the opal ring."

"The opal ring? Dear me!" Mrs. Dalton exclaimed. "Well, you know I always said it would turn up again. Poor woman! I suppose her conscience pricks her. Knowing it will be yours by right, she wishes to give it into your hands, I suppose. You'd better go, my love; but I scarcely see how it is to be managed. Is it far off?"

"Yes, mamma, all the way into Surrey—somewhere near Box Hill," Lena replied.

"Dear, dear, how very inconvenient! I am sure I cannot manage to go with you," said Mrs. Dalton, fretfully. "There's the wedding cake, and the wreath, and the white gloves, and I don't know what, all to come home to-day. And Sir Stephen and Lady Langley will be sure to call—they were to come to town last night."

"I don't know that I shall go," said Lena. "It's not a very pleasant business to see a dying woman."

When the message was delivered, Bertha felt as if she had expected it. She seemed to have a foreknowledge that this was what she had been waiting for. She roused herself as from a dream.

"Pray go—you do not know what may depend upon it," she cried. "Mamma, cannot we go together? I know all about how to get there—you know I gave lessons once to a pupil at Dorking. Lena, let us go together," She spoke eagerly, starting from her seat in her earnestness.

"I don't see what need there is for you to excite yourself so much," said Lena, still hesitating; but the wish to gain possession of the real ring determined her—the imitation had not been satisfactory.

"Well, if Bertha goes with you, I don't see that there can be any objection; and it would be a pity not to get the ring. I hope you'll take better care of it than Bertha did,' said Mrs. Dalton. 'But what shall I say to poor Mr Fancourt when he comes?"

"Poor Mr Fancourt must console himself," Lena replied, with a curl of the lip. "Yes, I will go. Come, Bertha."

"Directly. I will be ready as soon as you," Bertha answered.

She went into the kitchen to speak to the young woman, who was still crying—as much, it seemed to Bertha, from over excitement as from grief. She could get nothing more from her than she had already told Lena, except the exact name of the place. All she had been told was to bring Miss Dalton, she stated; and she either would not or could not say anything more.

Desiring Martha to see that the young woman had something to eat, Bertha brought her a glass of wine, and, after directing Sarah to bring a cab to the door, she followed Lena up stairs.

By the time the cab arrived they were ready, and, taking the young woman in with them, they were driven rapidly off in order to catch the next train.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AFTER breakfasting with his newly arrived guests, Sir Stephen and Lady Langley, Lord Alphington ordered the carriage for his friends, who wished to make several calls and do some shopping, and then retired to his library.

"I am not going to be tied to my old woman's apron-strings all the morning," said Sir Stephen. "I shall be back soon. We shan't call upon the Daltons till after luncheon. Where is that precious grandson of yours? Isn't it odd he doesn't show up?"

"Very odd. I expected him here last night. I can only take it for granted that he has gone straight to Ivy Cottage," Lord Alphington replied.

Sir Stephen began to pace the breakfast-room—to walk the quarter-deck, as he would have called it—softly humming to himself a sea song, while waiting for his wife.

As Lord Alphington closed the door of his library, he half envied the old sailor for his lightness of heart.

"But he has not lost all, as I have," the Earl mentally exclaimed, as his eyes rested upon the portrait of his son.

Lord Alphington did not like London; the town had no charms for him now. He had ceased to busy himself in politics, and he took no interest in the gossip of the clubs. The quiet of the woods and fields harmonized better with a mind saddened and subdued by domestic misfortune, and the good old man found the greatest solace he believed fate had in store for him in seeking to advance the welfare of his tenants and in ameliorating the condition of the poor.

He sat down to write a few business letters—he was methodical in his habits, and whether in town or country his first task was writing and answering letters. When these were finished he took up the *Times*. The day was chilly, a thick mist hung like a curtain outside; he shivered, and drew nearer to the fire. Having gone through most of the leading articles, he laid down the paper and looked at his watch, expecting Sir Stephen to return, when the butler came into the room to say that Mr. Thomson had called, and particularly requested a private interview with his lordship. A little startled by the unusual circumstance of the butler putting himself out of the way to make the announcement, as well as by the serious expression of the man's face, Lord Alphington desired that the solicitor should be shown up then and there.

Mr. Thomson appeared absolutely dumfounded, as if he had received some heavy blow.

"Good heavens, Thomson, what has happened?" exclaimed Lord Alphington, alarmed by the lawyer's aspect.

"My lord, I scarcely know how to express myself," said Mr. Thomson thankfully dropping into the chair towards which the Earl motioned him. "It is with feelings of grief I confess, my lord, and with shame, as far as I myself am concerned, that we have been most egregiously taken in, bamboozled, swindled, by one of the most consummate rascals that ever went unhung! Such a thing never happened before since Thomson and Cratchit became a house—and that was in the time of my grandfather and Mr. Cratchit's great uncle!"

Mr. Thompson stopped to take breath.

"Pray explain yourself," said Lord Alphington, in great surprise. "You have bad tidings for me, I can perceive. Speak out. I am not so weak as to shrink from hearing ill news."

"This is what it is, my lord," returned Thomson. "The young man received as Mr. Fancourt has been proved to have no right to the name. He is not your grandson, but a swindler—a—a would-be murderer! Thank Heaven, you yourself have not fallen a victim to his machinations!" he ended, with a burst of genuine feeling.

Lord Alphington stared at the lawyer for a few minutes, as if he feared the worthy man had taken leave of his senses.

"What is it you tell me? Do I hear you aright?" he said, "But how can this be?" he went on, more and more bewildered. "Did you not examine the proofs? They appeared all right when you laid them before me."

"I did examine them, my lord, and the proofs are all right, only they were brought forward by the wrong man. They were stolen. The whole story has now come out," Mr. Thomson replied.

"Good heavens!" again exclaimed Lord Alphington. "And when was all this discovered?"

"The rightful Mr. Fancourt, who has been going under the name of St. Lawrence——"

"St. Lawrence!" Lord Alphington broke in. "Has he been employing himself as an artist? Have you seen him?"

"It is the same," Mr. Thomson replied, surprised by Lord Alphington's eagerness of manner—"but I have never seen him."

"I have," rejoined the Earl. "I saw him only yesterday. He is the image of my lost son. I would give worlds for this to be true. But are you sure? For Heaven's sake, do not let me be deceived again!"

"We are as sure as we can be of anything, after what has occurred," Mr. Thompson answered.

Lord Alphington gave a great sigh, as though he were casting a load from his heart; but he was still full of perplexity, so much was involved. He could not all at once realize the change this discovery would make.

"Tell me all the circumstances, from beginning to end," he said at last, after a silence of several minutes, which Mr. Thomson had not ventured to break. "Tell me all you know."

"It seems that St. Lawrence—I may as well, for the present, distinguish him by the name he has chosen to go by—was coming over from America in order to lay the proof of his birthright before you, when he was robbed of the box containing the papers by a little French Canadian of the name of Pierre Lamont, instigated by the man Sedley," Mr. Thomson narrated. "Immediately on coming to town St Lawrence made the police acquainted with the theft, and a clever detective was employed to trace the matter out. When you also went to the police about the loss of the opal ring, it was at once perceived that the lesser theft might assist in the discovery of the greater, and the two cases were entrusted to the same hand. The surmise has proved correct—by means of the ring the whole affair has been cleared up."

"But, when Sedley brought the proofs to you, when he openly assumed the name of Fancourt, St Lawrence must have known who was the thief?" Lord Alphington interposed.

"Yes, my lord, of course he knew," Mr. Thompson replied; "but it was one thing for him to know it, and another to prove that he had been robbed—that he had ever been in possession of the papers. The two young men are cousins, of the same age within a few weeks, and they were christened in the same name—Eustace Sedley. I don't know if you are aware of it, but, when Mr. Fancourt went to America and married there, he took the name of his wife—Sedley—from what motive will probably never now be known."

"I can divine the motive," said Lord Alphington, sighing. "Continue, pray."

"The son was consequently christened Eustace Sedley. The man who has played us this extraordinary trick is the son of Mr. Fancourt's wife's brother," went on Mr. Thomson.

"How has all this come to light?" asked Lord Alphington, still half afraid of giving credence to what he heard.

"Riggs, the detective who was employed in the two cases, as I have said, disguised himself as a servant, and bribed Sedley's man to let him take his place," Mr. Thomson resumed, "the former valet recommending him to your house steward here. You see, my lord, he was certain of his man to begin with, and he had a shrewd suspicion that the fellow Miss Bertha Dalton described as having been in possession of the ring must have had to do with the greater robbery. He had therefore to find out his whereabouts. This he did through Mrs. Sedley's servant."

"Mrs Sedley? Of whom are you speaking?" said Lord Alphington.

"Of this man Sedley's wife, my lord," Mr. Thomson replied. "It seems that when quite young he married a handsome French Canadian girl of the name of Julie Lemont, sister to the Pierre Lemont who, most fortunately for the elucidation of the case, first stole and then lost the opal ring."

"Married!" Lord Alphington exclaimed in a tone of horror. "And that lovely girl, Miss Dalton, might have been sacrificed!"

"Mr. St. Lawrence and Riggs both agreed that, if the arrest could not be made in time, they would both come forward and explain enough to make the postponement of the marriage imperative. Mr. St. Lawrence was not aware of his cousin's marriage, or he would not have allowed Miss Dalton's engagement to stand for an hour," Mr. Thomson explained; "but, as I was saying, my lord, Riggs discovered through Mrs. Sedley's servant where this Pierre Lemont was to be found. The police immediately telegraphed to France from Scotland Yard. Lemont was arrested, and has confessed his share in the transaction. As soon as the forms of extradition are complied with, he will be brought to England. Now comes the worst part of my story. Mrs. Sedley is a reckless, unprincipled woman, no doubt, but she must have led an awful life with that scoundrel. He fell in love with Miss Dalton on first seeing her, it seems, and determined to get his wife out of the way in order to marry her. He first tried to persuade her to leave the country; this failing, he attempted to poison her."

"To poison her!" Lord Alphington repeated, aghast.

"There is no mistake about it, my lord," Mr. Thomson went on. "The consummation of the crime was prevented by Riggs. Sedley tried the effects of the poison on a dog he had. Riggs began to suspect that something was wrong, and brought the animal to a veterinary surgeon. It was shot, and, on an examination being made, the poison used was ascertained. Riggs found the packet of poison in Sedley's dressing case, and the name of the chemist who sold it. A bottle of medicine and also some brandy Sedley gave his wife, have been analyzed, and the same poison has been detected. There is not a loophole of escape. Sedley was arrested on the two counts, at-

tempt to poison and conspiracy to defraud, at the railway station, as he returned from town yesterday evening; he is now in custody."

Lord Alvanley rose from his chair and went to the window. He was more moved than he desired the solicitor to perceive. On one side was a feeling of joy; the removal from his path of the man he so much disliked, and the substitution of the other, in whom he already took a warm interest, were an unspeakable relief and cause of thankfulness. On the other side were horror for the series of crimes committed by him who for a brief space had borne his name, and profound pity for the unfortunate girl who had been betrayed into an ill-starred engagement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Grace Mortimer.

BY B. L. JAMES.

MORE than fifty years ago a farmer named Atwood, a widower and childless, resided on an extensive farm on the borders of Sherwood Forest, on the Nottingham road.

His residence was isolated, being two miles distant from any human habitation; and he, though now on the verge of threescore years, was as hale and hearty, to all appearance, as the generality of men at forty.

He was reputed wealthy, having constantly in his employ some three or four sturdy field laborers.

At the time of his wife's death, and some two years preceding the incidents embodied in our story, he had taken home to reside with him an orphan niece from Shropshire, named Grace Mortimer.

Grace was a young lady of handsome features and commanding figure, every expression of her face bespoke intelligence, courage, and decision of character; which last qualities were the admiration and boast of the kind old uncle Farmer Atwood.

The uncle was reputed wealthy, and a gang of thieves who had their headquarters in the neighborhood, had more than once tried to rob him. On the last occasion they had assaulted the house when the girl was alone, with some female servants, but had been repulsed, Grace, who knew how to handle a gun, shooting one of them in the arm.

From this time forward Farmer Atwood never suffered her to remain behind on occasions of his visiting the fairs, without leaving a sufficient number of his men to insure her protection; but oftener he took her with him, thereby rendering precaution doubly sure.

On one of these occasions at Nottingham, Grace made the acquaintance of a dashing young silversmith, who professed to be carrying on a large business in Manchester.

He paid the most flattering attentions to her during the two days they remained at the fair, and finally asked permission of the uncle to visit them at the farm, which proposition was the more readily acceded to on account of some hints thrown out by him in regard to his own personal wealth and family influence.

Agreeable to arrangements, some two or three weeks after this, Mr Joseph Pennington, such was the name given by the Manchester suitor, made his appearance at the residence of Farmer Atwood, and was cordially received both by the old gentleman and his niece. During his stay he made rapid advancement in the confidence and esteem of the family, and used frequently to take long rambles with Grace through the adjacent country.

On one of these occasions they had extended their walk to the very borders of Sherwood Forest, when he turned suddenly upon her, and with a terrible meaning flashing from his dark eyes, spoke as follows—

"Grace Mortimer, is it possible that I am so changed that you do not recognise me?"

Grace gazed up into his face with a vague expression of alarm, but made no direct answer to his appeal.

"Look at me wretched girl; look at me well! Look at this maimed arm, the work of your hand!"

And rolling up his sleeve he displayed a frightful scar just above the wrist, where she had shot him.

In an instant the terrible truth flashed upon the poor girl's mind, and with a cry of helpless terror, such as might have awakened the pity of a fiend, she sank swooning at the brigand's feet.

Without using the least effort to restore her to consciousness, he caught her in his arms and bore her into the forest.

When Grace recovered from her swoon, she found herself in the midst of a rough company, in a low vaulted apartment, lighted by a miserable oil lamp and a single wax taper.

The room was of ample dimensions, and seemed to have been partially dug from the solid limestone rock.

It was the shout of triumph which greeted her entrance into the cave which first aroused her to consciousness, and as she laid on the huge bundle of straw upon which the brigand chief had seen proper to place her, she could not fail to catch every word of the conversation which ensued between them.

Grace cast her eyes around her for a moment, just long enough to take in the surrounding objects, and beheld on every hand a heterogeneous collection of stolen property scattered about her.

In the centre of the room six men were sitting around a table playing at cards, while her false lover, Pennington, was busily occupied in changing his fashionable garments for the coarser description worn by the robbers.

None of them paid any attention to her, and soon after they passed out of the room, leaving the taper burning on the floor.

Grace heard them lock and bar the door, and soon after pass away.

Then in the silence and solitude of her narrow prison she noted the swiftly consuming taper grow fainter and fainter, till it finally expired altogether, leaving her in total darkness.

She raised herself to a sitting posture, and at that moment she detected for the first time a minute ray of light resting on her hand. She removed her hand, and all was again darkness; she restored it again, and the welcome ray of light was still there. She now became fully satisfied that the outer world was not very far removed from her.

On examination she discovered a small opening in the rock overhead, of about a foot in diameter, upon which rested a flat stone, placed there no doubt to conceal the aperture from observation. She strove to remove it with her hands, but the stone seemed firmly planted.

Finally, with one almost superhuman effort she succeeded in moving the barrier so far aside that she found no further obstacle to her escape.

Trembling with fright and exhaustion, she crept through the open space, and throwing herself on the bare rock above, her beautiful face upturned in the clear autumn moonlight, she fervently thanked God for her timely and unexpected deliverance.

She next looked about her, and perceived that she now stood on the summit of a vast ledge of limestone, with huge forest trees around her springing out of the mossy fissures of the rock.

In a moment she became satisfied in her own mind that the entrance of the cavern was just beneath her. Going the other way she went through the forest till she came to a traveled road. It was then in the gray of morning, and in a few minutes her attention was arrested by the sound of approaching wheels, and she made up her mind to appeal to the person, whoever he might be for protection. At length the team came up, and Grace accosted the driver. She stated in as few words as possible who she was and what had happened to her, and begged him to conceal her if possible somewhere in his wagon, for fear that Pennington and his associates might follow and overtake her. No sooner did the driver understand that she was a niece of Farmer Atwood's than he asked her if she did not remember him.

"I do now!" cried Grace, with a thrill of pleasure. "You are one of those very persons who came to our relief one time they attempted to rob my uncle's house."

"The same," answered the driver; "so you may as well clamber into the vehicle now as at another time and so give us an opportunity to conceal you from observation."

Grace thanked the loquacious but kind hearted driver, who now assisted her in mounting to the cart, the body of which was filled with a great number of boxes, baskets, and casks. A whisky barrel, with one of the heads knocked in, seemed the only unoccupied thing in the wagon; and Mr Sharp, with an aptness worthy of the name of Sharp, hoisted it up with the remark that the bunghole was in the other end.

"Now, young 'oman if you don't mind it, I'll just cover you over with this whisky barrel, so if any one comes they'll see the sound head with the bung out, an' they'll think I'm just taking it to market to be filled. A pretty good idea, young 'oman," he said.

Grace assented, and suffered her protector to place the empty barrel over her head, thumping it two or three times to be sure that it gave forth the right sound after which he resumed his seat once more and drove on. He had not proceeded far, however, when he apprised Grace through the bunghole that two men were in pursuit of them, and that she must keep up a good heart and lay snug.

In a few moments the clatter of horses' hoofs was distinctly audible to her above the heavy sound of the rumbling vehicle. The next moment she heard the strong voice of Pennington commanding the driver to halt.

"By what right, an't please you, do you delay an honest man on the king's 'ighway?" demanded the driver, in a querulous voice, as though nothing in the world had happened.

"By the common right," answered Pennington, "that one man has to make inquiry of another. We are officers, and in search of a young female pickpocket who has just made her escape from custody. Have you seen one on the road answering to that description? Remember we are officers, and you must conceal nothing from us."

"What have you got stowed away in your boxes there?"

"O, you can examine 'em!" said the driver. "I don't fancy you'll find 'em contrabanded. There's heggs in some an' butter in others, fleece, and vegetables an' hother similar truck in all the rest of 'em. We'll look 'em over, an't please you."

"Oh, no!" returned Pennington, "there is too much work in that. But what have you got in that barrel?" he added, giving it a smart tap on the head with his riding whip.

"An't please you," quickly returned the driver, "it's a whisky barrel I am taking to market to be filled. If the young 'oman be there, you are in search of, she must have got through the bunghole somehow!"

"I think if she was in there she would find her way out," answered Pennington, with a meaning laugh. "But evidently she has taken the other road, and as time presses; we must bid you a very good morning, Mr. Driver."

And with this, Pennington wheeled his horse, and drove off with his companion, well satisfied that they had sold the driver, instead of being sold themselves.

The driver cracked up his horses, and began to whistle as though nothing had occurred. When the team reached the brow of the hill, he stopped his horses with a sudden jerk, and clapping his hands to the barrel raised it up and then pointing down into the valley, said—

"See, Miss Mortimer, there be a host of men there, and Farmer Atwood at their head!"

With a thrill of joy she recognized her uncle, and springing to her feet before the driver could restrain her, waved her hand aloft, and shouted with all her strength.

In a moment the people below saw and heard her, and a simultaneous shout went up from the valley.

When they came together, she told him in as few words as possible the story of her abduction and escape, and her friends eagerly forming themselves into a triumphal procession, the cart being in the centre, marched to the office of the magistrate at Nottingham.

Again the story was repeated; and on being assured by her that she could guide them to the place, a young baronet, named Hapgood, who had taken much interest in the affair, as well as in the handsome vivacious face of our heroine, volunteered to lead a company of cavalry to the spot, if Grace would accompany him on a palfry and point out the way.

To this Grace assented, and about three hours later the cavalry started on their expedition into the forest.

They had but little difficulty in finding the cave, and still less in forcing an entrance, and arresting four of the gang who chanced to be within. Among them they found a constitution and by-laws, with eight names attached to the document. A dot of blood was prefixed to one, signifying that the person had been murdered or dealt with foully.

The four were immediately taken into custody and carried to Nottingham, while a guard was stationed around the cave to make prisoners of the other on their return—Pennington and two of their number not yet having been taken.

They were trapped, however, that very night, and returned to Nottingham with their fellows in the morning to await their examination. Some weeks after this they were brought up before the assizes, and on the testimony of Grace and others they were duly condemned to transportation for life.

From this moment Grace Mortimer became the rage and admiration of every one, even to the nobility.

She was petted by the old men, and toasted and flattered by the young; and if reports be true she became the innocent cause of more than one duel among the chivalrous young squires of the neighborhood.

But when a few months later it was proclaimed she was to be the bride of the young baronet, Sir Andrew Hopgood, they had no further occasion to quarrel among themselves, and were rendered but too happy by being present at the marriage fete, and witnessing the handsome dower which Farmer Atwood bestowed upon his beautiful niece.

To the affidavit concerning the qualities of Frank Siddalls Soap, in this issue of the POST, the editor of this paper gives his fullest personal endorsement. A successful use in his own household justifies him in saying it is all, and even more than it is represented. We advise everyone to try it at once.

Scientific and Useful.

NEW COFFIN.—A continental firm is endeavoring to introduce a new form of coffin. It consists of thin wood lined with a stonelike composition, of which Portland cement is one of the chief constituents. The alleged advantages claimed for it are imperishibility and freedom from infection before burial.

GAS ENGINE.—One of the latest novelties is a road vehicle propelled by a gas-engine. The gas is contained in a reservoir, somewhat like an organ bellows, placed in the body of the carriage. The supply is sufficient to last several hours, and can of course be readily replenished as long as the travelers keep within the bounds of civilisation.

LEATHER CUTTINGS.—The inventor of celluloid—which our readers may perhaps remember is an imitation ivory composed of collodion and camphor—has compounded a new material for buttons, boot heels, etc. It consists in leather-cuttings soaked in hot water, to remove oil, dried, ground to powder, and pressed into moulds by hydraulic power.

TREE PARCHMENT.—Smooth, strong and pliable parchment can be manufactured from the palmetto of Florida and other Southern States. The parchment can be washed, rubbed and handled just like a cloth, and the writing will not be effaced. It can be cheaply manufactured, and is likely to come into use for legal documents, etc. As much as 60 per cent of the palmetto can be utilized in the process.

ARTIFICIAL SNOW.—A machine for making artificial snow has lately been perfected in England. The question may possibly be asked, "Of what use can such a contrivance be, when the supply of the natural commodity is now-a-days so far above what we care about?" We are apt to forget that in many countries snow is a luxury. In the bazaars of Cabul, for instance, it is sold as such; and mixed with sherbet, it forms a favorite drink. The machine in question is intended for Palermo, in Italy, where frost is rarely experienced.

DYEING STRAW HATS.—A foreign paper gives the following receipt to dye straw hats black: In order to obtain a level color a solution of gluten is added to a lye of soda, which is allowed to stand for twenty-four hours and filtered. The hats are then steeped for twelve hours in the liquid. The straw is thus freed from grease, and the mordants of nitrate, sulphate, or acetate of iron, as well as the decoction of logwood mixed with sumac or galls, is very evenly taken up by the fibre. A slight addition of bichromate of potash improves the tone of the dye, and the goods are finished with gum or gelatine.

Farm and Garden.

CATTLE SHEDS.—A Virginian has patented a cattle-shed for use as temporary shelter in open pastures or fields. The roof of this shed is pivoted to an upright in connection with a kind of windmill so that the shed is turned as the direction of the wind is changed, thus shielding the inmates from direct exposure to the storm.

GRUBS.—Grubs in the head of sheep are believed to be caused by the gad-fly, which deposits its eggs in the nostrils of the sheep during the summer and autumn; although they cause much pain, they are not usually fatal. To prevent them, apply tar to the noses of the sheep occasionally during July and August, or smear the feeding-troughs with tar. To cure the sheep when the grubs are once hatched, blow tobacco-smoke up the nostrils, or syringe the nose with a decoction of tobacco.

BUTTER MAKING.—Keep only those cows that yield butter of good color, flavor and texture. There are some cows from which no one can get good butter. Feed only good, sweet food, the best for butter being early cut timothy and clover hay and corn meal, and give only pure water. Observe the most scrupulous cleanliness in the stable and dairy. Keep the cows in good health and contented. Use a churn that brings the butter in thirty minutes. Keep the temperature of the milk and cream as near sixty degrees as possible, and churn the cream when slightly sour.

EVERGREENS.—Coniferous evergreens do not like much pruning. Where it is desirable to cause them to thicken up, or become more dense, the leading shoot on the end of each branch or branchlet should be cut out. This prevents them extending too much laterally, and causes them to throw out numerous small shoots. Flat-leaved evergreens, such as the rhododron, should not be pruned unless they become bare and scraggy; they should then be pruned back severely. This will make them throw out a somewhat thick growth of young shoots, but at the expense of one or two years flowering.

MUTTON CHEAPER THAN PORK.—The cheapest meat for the farmer is mutton. It may safely be said to cost nothing, as the fleece from the sheep of a good breed will pay for its keeping. Then, for additional profit, there is a lamb or two, the pelt of the animal, if killed at home, the excellent manure from its droppings, and the riddance of the pasture from weeds, to which sheep are destructive foes. With the exception of poultry, mutton is also the most convenient meat for the farmer. A sheep is easily killed and dressed by a single hand in an hour, and in the warmest weather it can be readily disposed of before it spoils. Science and experience both declare it the healthiest kind of meat.

CHINESE SEED SOWING.—In China, during the summer months, all kinds of vegetable refuse are mixed with turf, straw, grass, weeds and earth, collected into heaps, and, when quite dry, set on fire. After several days of slow combustion, the entire mass is converted into a kind of black earth. This compost is only employed for the manuring of seed. When seed time arrives, one man makes holes in the ground; another follows with the seed, which he places in the holes, while a third adds this black earth. The young seed planted in this manner grows with such extraordinary vigor that it is thereby enabled to push its rootlets through the hard, solid soil, and to collect its mineral constituents.

Skill in the Workshop

To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight becomes clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
SIXTIETH YEAR.

Important Notice!

As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.

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Our Diamond Brilliant Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely wish every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests we beg leave to call attention to the following

TERMS TO CLUBS:

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3 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each, - - 7.50

and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. Please read "More Recipients Heard From," on PAGE THREE, and show them to your friends. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Address all letters to
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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 9 1881.

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THE WAY TO WEALTH.

THE way to wealth, observes an old author, is open to all who are industrious and frugal, both with respect to their money and time; for time well employed is certain to bring money, as money well spent is certain of gaining more.

Lay down a regular estimate of your time, and what you must do in each particular hour and each particular day, and you will in one month acquire habits of punctuality that will be astonishing even to yourself, and which will gain for you a character for accuracy that cannot fail to raise your credit, the prize that all aim at, but few obtain.

A punctual man is sure to be respected, and he is almost sure of thriving and becoming rich, for punctuality comprehends industry and foresight, two of the most powerful instruments of procuring wealth. He that is known to pay punctually, and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time and on any occasion raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use.

After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings, therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse for ever.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account for some time both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect—you will discover how wonderfully small, trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything.

SANCTUM CHAT.

FOUR fifths of all the liquors drunk, including wine, beer, and cider, are poisoned. And these poisons are not confined to common drinks, such as beer and whisky; they extend to the aristocratic drinks that are most costly. The French wines are nearly all adulterated and contain poison. They are not real wines, but imitations.

—

THE officials of the signal service bureau, at Washington, are busy perfecting a system of signals for the benefit of farmers. It is proposed to discharge daily, at 3 o'clock in the morning, at certain specified points in farming sections, colored rockets, blue, red or green, which will indicate to the farmers of the surrounding country the character of the weather expected.

—

A CHAMPION swimmer and inventor of a theory of resuscitation, consented, a short time ago, to drown himself that it might be tested for the benefit of the London Humane Society, who were present to witness the experiment. He plunged into the water, and after remaining some time was taken out in an apparently lifeless condition. His body was then put through the course of treatment laid down and he revived in a short time without apparent unpleasant consequences.

—

THE lively and irrepressible mosquito has turned up in the British capital, and the alarm he has caused is by no means inconsiderable. Half as much space is given in one of the newspapers to this portentous event as to the small-pox epidemic. A member of Parliament has been stung, and, since erysipelas ensued, he was unable to attend to his public duties. Reports have already spread throughout England that the presumptuous invader came from the United States, and that an American traveler took him over as a part of his luggage.

—

THE Austrian capital is suffering from a plague of birds, an unusual infliction for a large city. The invaders are sparrows, and they are so numerous and, withal, so robust and belligerent, that such winged favorites as the thrush and nightingale have been driven from the city by them. Indeed, the sparrows have become so great a nuisance that the municipal authorities have been compelled to appoint a special huntsman to wage war against them, and he, armed with an air gun, now perambulates the parks and avenues, silently pursuing the work of destruction.

—

THERE were 1,063,242,874 letters mailed in the United States last year, or twenty-one to each man, woman and child in the country. We are surpassed only by Great Britain, where the average is thirty to each inhabitant. This does not, however, prove that less illiteracy exists in these countries than any others, for Germany exceeds them both in the ratio of its inhabitants, who can read, to those who cannot, and yet in that country only fifteen letters would be given annually to each person, if they were evenly divided. The figures rather indicate business and commercial activity with the wide-spread habit of advertising through the mails.

—

EVERY one remembers and mourns the sad fate of poor Carlotta, widow of the unhappy Maximilian, and how the horrors of anxiety and fear she sustained in Mexico drove her to lunacy. A similiar fate is feared for the Czarina, the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales. Numerous efforts are made to contradict the stories of her ill-health and deadly terror that have gone abroad, but no one believes the counter statements, though they would be glad to do so. The best informed papers of Europe unite in asserting that her condition is growing rapidly worse instead of better. The poor women that undertake to share the throne of the Czars have almost uniformly found that the glitter of state was but the gilding to a very nauseous pill. If the Czarina's life be spared it is feared her reason will fail.

—

AN English gentleman has lately published a valuable letter showing how persons wholly ignorant of swimming may keep themselves afloat in the water for a considerable space of time and with very little exertion. The method described is one understood by all swimmers, but, unfortunately, known to few people who cannot swim, and is what is called "treading water." All animals practice it instinctively. All that is necessary to do to escape drowning is to manage the hands and feet so that the head can be kept above water, but if the arms are thrown up the head goes under. Swimming requires practice and confidence, and is an art few acquire; but every man, woman and child that can walk on land can tread water without any prior instruction or practice. It is only necessary to move the hands and feet up and down alternately, the right hand and foot coming up while the left hand and foot are going down. The motion is not particularly fatiguing, and may be kept up for a long time without producing exhaustion. If rest is required, it is only needful to close the mouth and throw the head well back in the water in order to float without any motion of hands or feet.

—

A CORRESPONDENT of a French paper has evolved the theory that death is occasionally actual dissolution and that this accounts for the mysterious disappearances which constantly perplex the world. Persons destined to this mode of exit, in his opinion, suffer from no previous illness and have no warning of their approaching end, but suddenly cease to exist, "vanish into thin air" as it were, after the inconsiderate and annoying manner of Virgil's goddesses. The ingenious Frenchman substantiates his theory by his own observation. He was once walking with a friend with whom he was discussing politics, when suddenly his companion vanished, and from that hour to the present time has never reappeared. At the moment of his evanescence the atmosphere was pervaded with a sulphurous odor, indicating his probable destination, but beyond this nothing remarkable was to be observed. It is to be hoped that this valuable theory will be reduced to a science, with a formula for producing the conditions essential to a vanishing quietus.

—

THERE are thousands of persons in this country and abroad studying and making experiments with electricity, with a special view of utilizing it as a light. There are many more elsewhere. The electric light is the coming revolutionizer of our domestic economy. But it is long acoming. Electricity is an element not easy to tame and put into harness. When it is brought under full control it will be put to many uses. It will not only light our streets and houses, turning night into day, but it will supply heat, it will furnish motive power, and we shall cook with it and run our city railways by its power. It will give a whiter light than gas, freedom from heat and vitiation of the air, from foul smells and tarnish. But much is yet to be done to make it available. At present it is not possible to store a supply against the time of need, there is great liability to interruption by accident, and difficulty in graduating the brightness of a given lamp in an economical manner. As to comparative expense it is yet too early to decide with much confidence.

—

AN inquest recently held in London on the body of a widow lady, 48 years of age, revealed the fact that her demise was attributable solely to tight lacing. It is needless to go into the particulars of the damage to the internal organs, which the medical testimony placed clearly before the jury. Suffice is to say that it left no doubt as to the cause of death. The Coroner said that it was not an uncommon event in his experience. As every one knows, it is utterly useless to inform women that a wasp shaped body is not attractive, or that nearly all the maladies from which they suffer are caused by an undue compression of their vital organs. It used to be considered good taste for a lady to dress quietly in order to avoid attracting attention; but we have changed all that, and a glance at the costumes at any fashionable gathering discloses the fact that modesty of appearance, which used to be the chief charm of maidenhood, has given place to a garish brilliance, reminding one of nothing so much as of the picture of the butterflies' ball in the children's story book.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His eyes divine, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed,—as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
For unison with ours, breeding its future wings

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LORD LYNN'S CHOICE," ETC., ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XXVIII. (CONTINUED.)

"I HOPE," she cried wildly, that I may die soon! I cannot bear my life since I have lost my love. I who have been so proud all my life, how I am humbled, how low my pride is brought! How people will laugh when they hear that I promised to marry a draper's son! But, oh, how I love him! A loveless life will be my lot; but better that than life held in dishonor." Yet her whole soul rose in rebellion at the thought of there being any dishonor in marrying Allan.

Just once she asked herself whether the whole social code might not be wrong. Allan had every quality that could adorn a man; and yet the son of a duke or an earl, with a weak mind in a weak body, would be considered superior to him! Who made those laws by which the mere accident of birth gave one man such superiority over another? She wondered how she would have felt if it had fallen to her lot to be a tradesman's daughter.

"I should have known nothing better; therefore I should have been content with my station," she said to herself.

On the following day she still remained in her room. She sent word to the Earl that she was better, but should not join the dinner-party that day; she must have another day's rest. To Allan she wrote a little note which said—

"Dear Allan,—I have not ceased thinking of you since you left me yesterday. I should like to see you alone, and tell you my decision. Meet me in the afternoon by the river, in the same spot where we sat yesterday.

"Your ever loving
"IRIS."

Allan took the note from the hands of the maid, and read it.

"Shall I hope or despair?" he said to himself. "She gave me no clue as to her decision; but she calls herself my 'ever loving Iris.' Heaven bless her, whatever she may say to me! It is like being summoned to the bar of justice," he continued. "I can understand now how a prisoner faces his judge, how a soldier before a court-martial waits to hear his doom. I must bear my fate like a man."

Yet, until the afternoon came, he was in a fever of unrest. He could not read, and he did not feel inclined to talk; so he left the gay party of visitors and went for a stroll through the woods of King's Forest. The household and guests were brightened by the intelligence that Lady Iris was better, and would be amongst them again on the morrow.

In the afternoon Allan went to the river-side to wait for Lady Iris. When he saw her coming towards him, his heart beat fast, his lips quivered, and his hands trembled.

"Now I am to know my fate," he said; and the words brought back his courage. "My sentence will come from the sweetest of lips, and I must meet it bravely. Surely she will not send me away, for she loves me; she has put her arms round my neck and kissed me; she will not for a mere caprice send me from her."

She drew nearer; he could see the floating blue draperies that suited her so well, and the broad-brimmed white hat with its wreath of blue corn-flowers; but he could not see her face, for it was bent low and shaded by the hat.

"I await my doom," he said to himself; "and may Heaven help me to bear it!"

From Lady Iris's face, when at length he saw it, he could glean nothing; there was no clue to her decision. He was startled by her pallor, but remembered that she had been ill. She was deathly pale; even her lips were white, and the violet eyes were shadowed as to look almost black. There was something solemn in her aspect, as of one who had passed through a terrible ordeal and had the memory of it clinging to her still.

He went forward to meet her, and she held out her hand to him.

"You are first, Allan," she said, with a gentle pitying smile. "I hope you have not been waiting long for me."

"I have not thought of time," he replied. "I would stand for hours if I could but see you for one moment!"

She did not smile as she had been wont to do at such loving words, but she laid her hand on his with a light caressing touch.

"Poor Allan!" she murmured; and his heart sank.

"My doom is coming," he said. "Let me bear it bravely.

He knelt in the long grass, raised his face to hers, which was so full of pity and love, and read his fate.

"Pride has conquered love, Iris," he said gently.

"If you will put it so, Allan. I love you, but I cannot give up the traditions of my race. I cannot go against my instincts and my long training. I love you dearly; but I can never marry you—no, my love, never!"

He beat his head for a few moments, and then he looked up at her.

"And this is your final decision, Iris, my lost love? No prayers, tears, or pleading of mine can ever change your decision?"

"No," she answered; "they would only give me pain."

"I will not do that; I will never cause you pain," he said—"I would give my life to save you from it. Then I am to release you from your promise, tell you that it does not bind you?"

"It must be so, Allan, I have thought it over; I could not marry you, dear, now that I know—— You understand. I should not like it. The Faynes, when they have married, have never even cast the faintest shadow on their name. It has been held with honor, and so it must remain."

"You think that I could not hold it with honor, Iris?"

"We will not discuss that, Allan. You yourself are one of the noblest of men. The difficulty has reference to your birth. I tell you frankly that I cannot give into the hands of a tradesman's son all the glories of my house and name."

"I am answered," he said proudly. "I submit to my fate. I do not complain; a day may come when you will see more clearly." His face flushed and his eyes flashed. "I will tell you what your words incite me to do, Lady Iris. The son of a tradesman, to whom you could not entrust your name, shall make one for himself, one that all England shall honor—all save you!"

To his amazement she put her arms round his neck, and her face, wet with tears, was hidden on his breast.

"Oh, Allan, Allan," she cried, "we must not quarrel, you and I! It is as though we were both dying. We must not quarrel, dear; this is our last meeting. When it is over, I shall be as one dead; the ghost of myself will drag on a miserable life for some time longer, but the bright happy Iris Fayne who loved you will be no more."

"Then, my darling, if it distresses you so greatly," he said, "why do it?"

"I must," she replied. "There is no help for it, Allan. I love you well, but I cannot be untrue to my whole life. Oh, Allan, do not tempt me—you must see that my whole heart is tortured! I should never be happy, even if I could bring my mind to marry you; I should repent it directly. I know myself, Allan, and I can judge."

"Yes, my darling, I believe you. It shall be as you will."

He loved her so dearly that he could not bear to see her in distress, even though that distress was brought about by her dismissal of him, and he could not help soothing and caressing her.

"I must not do it," she went on; "but my heart tempts me sorely, and you must help me to be strong."

"I shall not seek to persuade you, Iris. It shall be as you will."

She clung to him in a passion of grief that he never forgot.

"No matter what happens," she said, "we must not meet again. I could not bear to meet you, to look into your face, and know that we could be nothing to each other. We must not meet again, Allan."

"You say that very lightly, Iris!" he cried bitterly.

"Heaven knows that I do not!" she said. "The words are a death-knell to me," she said.

"How great your pride must be, Iris, if it be greater than your love!" he said.

"Yes, it is great; it is not only pride, but it is the habit of my life, and I cannot change it now, Allan. I should be most miserable if I married you; and, when you saw that I was not happy, you would be the same. I shall go to my grave unmarried, Allan, since I cannot marry you. Now, my dear lost Love, we must part!"

He clasped her to his breast and kissed her passionately, while his tears fell like rain upon her face. She had never seemed to him so beautiful, or so tender as in this hour when he had to leave her. She raised her face to his, all wet with tears.

"It is like dying," she said. "If you were lying in your coffin, Allan, I should kiss you and say, 'Farewell, beautiful eyes, that has always looked kindly on me, farewell, sweet lips, that have stolen my heart from me by kisses and tender words; farewell, gentle hands, that will never more touch mine' I should kiss, as I kiss now, the forehead, the lips, and the hands, and I should cover the face of my dead——Ah, Heaven, my heart will break! Let me die!"

She dropped upon the mossy grass, crying as if her heart would break. He bent over her.

"Iris," he said gently, "it is madness for you to send me from you when you love me so well; you will kill yourself and me too!"

"Even that," she cried, "would be better than to lower the dignity of the Faynes! Oh, Allan, Allan, go now—leave me!"

"Let me give you one kiss, Iris," he entreated—"one that pledges my troth to you, although you send me away and we may never meet again one that pledges my love to you and to no other for evermore!"

He raised her from the grass, and kissed her lips, not once, but many times, with all the passion of his love and the force of his despair.

"It must be," she said despairingly. "Oh, Allan, kiss one once more! Let it be the pledge this time of love that will never die, and a farewell! Do not speak to me after that; but let me always remember the pledge! Go while I have the strength to bear it!"

He knew that further entreaties would be vain; he saw that even if she killed herself in doing it she would leave him. He kissed her once more; and then he left her.

He knew not whither he wandered or what he did. The sky seemed to have darkened and a gloom to have overspread everything; there was nothing left for him in life, no hope, no love. He wandered through the woods; and, when the darkness of night fell over the earth, he was still alone in his desolation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE Earl of Caledon was sitting in the library at Chandos, thinking of his daughter and feeling anxious about her—for she had again declined to attend the dinner-table, saying that she was still ill—when the door opened and she came in.

He looked at her in wonder and alarm, for the youth and loveliness seemed to have faded from her face. Her eyes were heavy with weariness and pain; her lips were white, the whole expression of her features was changed. It was a pale weary woman whose eyes met his, and it was a voice from which all music and sweetness had gone which said to him—

"Papa, I have something to tell you. Let me tell you quickly, while I have strength."

He rose in the deepest distress.

"My darling Iris, how ill you look! What shall I do if you do not get better? I shall send to London for Sir James Forster. You are like a drooping flower."

"Papa, you need not send for any doctors; it is my mind and not my body that suffers I have something to tell you."

She knelt down by his side, and rested her head against his breast.

"Papa, I am not going to marry Allan—we have parted. I have sent him away, and shall never see him again."

There was genuine concern in the Earl's face and wonder in his voice as he cried—

"My dearest Iris, why have you done that?"

"It is no fault of his," she replied, "and none of mine. I love him so well that my life without him will be like death. It is the cruelty of fate which has separated us."

"Why have you parted, Iris? Tell me all."

"Yes, I will do so," she said mournfully. "Though he is so noble, so true, and so brave, he is not a gentleman by birth; he is the son of a tradesman. I could not marry him."

There was silence for a few moments, during which the Earl's face grew deathly pale.

"I love him," continued Lady Iris; "but I could not be the first Fayne to make an unequal marriage, I could not be the means of casting a shadow upon the ancient glories of our house. They must be 'held with honor.'"

"I agree with you as regards that; but, Iris, it seems to me quite possible that you should hold them with honor, and yet marry Allan."

"I do not see how, papa."

"You are free to please yourself, Iris. If you wanted to marry—what shall I say?—a banker's clerk, I should be willing; if you wanted to marry a prince, it would be all the same to me. I have seen so much misery result from marriages without love that I have made up my mind to let you have the fullest liberty, never to control, persuade, or influence you; but, if I may speak my mind plainly about the trouble that has befallen you, I cannot help saying that I think you have done wrong, that I think—do not imagine that I wish to upbraid you, Iris—you are both proud and prejudiced and have made a mistake in sending one of the noblest men away from you because he is of inferior birth. There are many people now who do not believe in any distinction that may be conferred by birth"

"All the more reason, papa, that the few should remain true to their order," she said.

"I am not so sure of that," he replied. "Class distinctions and prejudices seem to me to be fast dying out."

"Papa," she said, "you who love me, and who are proud of the ancient honors of our house—would you be pleased to know that I had married a draper's son?"

He was silent for a few moments and then he answered—

"If that draper's son was Allan Osburn, most certainly I should."

"I thought you would have helped me, papa, in my desperate struggle with my love. There are times when I can hardly withstand the promptings of my heart, when I feel that I must send for him and forget my pride. But, if I married Allan, I should never be happy. The pride of my life is that I am a Fayne of Chandos. All my fairest dreams have been of the honor of my house. You do not know, papa—even you who know me best—how proud I am of my descent. I feel that I can look down upon the world as from a lofty eminence."

"My poor child," he said tenderly, yet with a strange wistfulness in his manner—"my poor Iris!"

"Yes, I am 'poor Iris,' for I have lost all that I held most dear. I have never been 'poor Iris' until now; but it is conviction, not pride, that speaks. Believe me, papa, although I love Allan so dearly, I would rather die than marry him!"

"If that be the case," said the Earl, "there is no more to be said. You must do what you think best, my dear."

"Papa!"—and she clung to him with hot trembling hands—"you must be kind to me. You do not know what I suffer. My heart is torn; I feel as though I must die—as though I could never face life again. Be kind to me and help me!"

She was so sorrowful, so gentle in her desolation, that his heart filled with pity for her.

"I will do all I can," he replied sadly.

"Take me away from here, papa. I can never come back to the rooms that are haunted by his presence; I should see him everywhere and hear his voice at all times. I must go at once. Every hour that I stay here adds to my torture. Take me to Fenton Woods. I would go out of the world if I could!"

"Your pride must be great, Iris," he said gravely.

"It is great," she replied; "and Heaven has punished me for it. Take me away to our Northern home, where nothing can remind me of him and nothing can hurt or wound me. Will you, papa, at once?"

"Yes. It will seem a little discourteous to our guests; but we must arrange matters as well as we can. We must get rid of our visitors. That I can do to-morrow morning. I will announce that letters of importance call me to Fenton Woods; and that, as you are not well, I intend to take you with me for change of air; and we will go to-day after to-morrow. Will that do, my dear?"

"Yes," she replied, sighing deeply. "It is the best arrangement that can be made. How hard life is—and I thought it all brightness! How shall I bear the years that are to come?"

"Remember always that it is your own fault, Iris. You have sent Allan away; but I am sure he would come back at one word from you."

"He would come back," she replied mournfully, "and he would bring love and happiness with him, but it would be easier for me to die than to speak that one word, papa."

"Then my dear, hard as it is, you must bear the pain."

"Yes, I must bear it," she assented. "Better anything than to be a degenerate Fayne! Papa, you will help me? Do you think that pain kills?"

"No, or I should have died years ago," he said; and again she clung to him.

"Yours was the pain of bereavement," she remarked. "Do not think me heartless; but it seems to me that I could have borne pain of that description more easily."

"You do not mean that, Iris. You are beside yourself; you do not know what you are saying."

"Does pain kill?" she moaned. "Papa, how long shall I live—and will life always be so hard?"

"No, not always, Iris; time blunts pain. My dear, is there no other place you would like better than Fenton Woods? I would rather we went anywhere than there. Would you like Germany or Switzerland?"

"No," she replied, with a shudder, "it must be Fenton. I must have some time alone. I could not bear visitors or crowds. I shall be better all alone."

"It shall be as you wish, my dear. It shall be Fenton Woods, if solitude is good for you. I was afraid there was something wrong. You know that Allan went away this afternoon?"

"I knew he would go," she said.

"I was from home when he went. He left a note for me, but it merely said that he was leaving in haste, and that you would tell me why. I did not think it was a final parting, Iris. I like him very much, and I should have preferred to bid him farewell. We shall never see his equal again, Iris."

"Do not add to my pain. Do you think I do not understand my loss? His face is never for a moment absent from my eyes. There is no one else like him."

"It seems strange to me, Iris," said the Earl, "that you can believe more in the nobility of the body than of the soul."

"I cannot help the force of habit, papa; but I will say this, that I would change it if I could. If I could begin my life over again, things should be different. As it is, I cannot change. Oh, papa, who would have dreamed that such utter coldness and gloom would have fallen upon my life?"

"It is well that we do not foresee what life has to bring," said the Earl. "We should none of us bear it. Iris, I do not seek to intrude on your confidence; but how did all this happen? I remember that you told me Allan was one of the Osburns of Sketchley. How is it?"

She was silent for a moment, debating with herself whether she should tell him the story of her pride and John Bardon's treachery. It would be better not, as he, for her sake, would resent it.

"There was some mistake," she answered, "and the mistake originated with the Bardons."

"They ought to have been more careful," said the Earl. "I do not understand how people can make such mistakes. It will cost you dearly enough, Iris."

"Yes, it has cost me much already," she replied, with a shudder. "I have thought a great deal of my mother. Had she been in my place, she would have done the same thing, papa."

He unclasped her arms from his neck and rose hastily.

"Your mother would have sacrificed, and did sacrifice, much for love, Iris—more than you will; but, my darling, you need rest. Your pale cheeks are like reproaches to me—go, and to-morrow get all your packing done. We will start on Thursday morning."

As she went slowly to her room, she said to herself that she had more than her packing to attend to before she left Chandos.

CHAPTER XXX.

ON Wednesday evening of that week John Bardon sat in his study. Lady Avice, with her little son and one of his nurses, had gone to visit one of her numerous relatives, and the master of Hyne Court was alone and inexpressibly miserable. His desire for revenge had buoyed him up until it was accomplished, and then he grew utterly dejected. The heart of passion, the sting of wounded pride, the hot desire for vengeance, had hurried him on, only now he had to endure all the consequences of his treachery. He was face to face with them, and they looked evil and ugly.

He had received two items of news that day—the first was that Captain Osburn had suddenly left Chandos, the second that Lady Iris was ill. He knew then that the catastrophe had happened, that he had betrayed his friend and revenged himself, and that he was utterly bankrupt in honor and principle.

He did not enjoy his vengeance as he expected. Lady Iris was ill. He had meant to humble her pride, to make her heart ache, to cause her some of the pain she had caused him; but he had not anticipated that she would fall ill. He tried to persuade himself he did not care; but he was a coward and a traitor in his own sight. He had lost his self-respect, and he had a contempt for himself. Never had a sinner less comfort from sin.

He was alone, and that seemed to double the sense of desolation that possessed him. The evening was dull, the sky lowering, and not a leaf stirred; it was too warm for fires, yet the rooms, splendid as they were, looked cheerless without them.

"So Lady Iris was ill," he mused. "It took a great deal of mental pain to make any person ill; therefore she must have suffered greatly. But her pain was not half so severe as that which she had made him undergo.

The room was dark, and gray shadows filled the corners and lingered round the windows. He was more startled than he would have cared to own when, from the shadows, a tall figure hidden by a dark traveling cloak advanced toward him. He had fancied a few minutes before that he had heard the sound of carriage-wheels, but had dismissed the fancy. Who would come to visit him when Lady Avice was from home?

The tall figure, in its dark trailing mantle, advanced nearer to him. He rose to his seat with a low startled cry. Something in the appearance of the new comer was quite familiar to him, and his heart beat fast. The lady raised her veil, and his eyes fell upon the white changed face of Lady Iris—a face lined with pain, worn as though she had passed through a terrible illness, drawn and haggard as with the anguish of years, all the youth and loveliness gone from it. He cried out again when he saw her; but he could not speak.

"I would not let your servants announce me," she said, "lest you should deny yourself to me; and I have something to say to you which you must hear."

He shrank shudderingly from her, although there was no scorn in her face or in her voice. She looked at him coldly and calmly, while his face flushed and then grew deathly white. He would far rather have faced death than this pale calm woman whom he had betrayed. Recovering himself somewhat, he placed a chair for her. She put it from her with an imperious gesture.

"I will not sit down under your roof," she said. "I will say briefly what I came to say. You made love to me once, and asked me to be your wife. In my girlish pride and arrogance, fostered by circumstance you could never understand, I was unjust, even rude to you. I used words that I was ashamed to think of afterwards; and you swore vengeance against me—you swore that I should suffer as you did. Later on, when I understood what love was, I knew that I had been unkind and cruel, and I begged you to forgive me—and I believed that you had."

He found his voice then and interrupted her.

"It was a wrong," he cried, "that no man could forgive!"

"You should have told me so when I asked your forgiveness," she said. "Now that you have proved yourself a traitor and a coward, I have a few words to say to you. Although I knew you to be wanting in many ways, I never would have believed that you would ever have sought so mean a revenge, or that you could have betrayed a friend. To me it seems that a false friend is not fit to live. We have never had a traitor amongst the Faynes!"

She was silent for a few moments, and then went on—

"I have come to tell you that which you will be most pleased to hear. Your plan has succeeded perfectly, your revenge is complete; everything has happened as you wished. Captain Osburn and I met, we fell in love with each other, and we were to have been married soon. I believed him to be a gentleman by birth and he, through your misrepresentations, believed that I knew the story of his origin. By a few lies from yourself and a few false statements from Lady Avice, we were both betrayed. You knew that I should love him, and I did. I shall never see him again, but the whole love of my life has gone to him, and will remain with him," she added sadly. "The man whom you called your friend, whom you professed to love, has gone away heart-broken, his life spoiled and blighted, his love and his hopes wrecked. 'Dead in life,' he said he should be; and you, the man he called his friend and trusted, have done this for him. That is one part of your vengeance—perhaps the most cruel, for it has fallen upon the head of one who was your true friend and lived you for your own sake."

"Your words torture me!" cried John Bardon, burying his face in his trembling hands.

She did not seem to know what he said.

"The second part of your revenge falls on me, and I have to tell you how well you have succeeded. I have been arrogant, and proud of my name and race; but my pride has been destroyed. You have been very cruel to me, John Bardon; but you have helped by your vengeance to make a better woman of me."

He held out his hands imploringly, but she did not seem to see him.

"Now," she continued, "you will like to know if you have made me suffer. Alas, yes—my heart is broken! I care no longer for life, all its brightness has died out, and the only desire I have is for death."

"You can marry him," sobbed the man who had caused all this misery; "you need not be so unhappy, unless you wish it."

Her eyes met his calmly.

"You know that I shall never do that," she replied. "Unless you had been quite sure of that, you would not have introduced him to me. The very soul of your vengeance was that I should love him, for you knew that when I was acquainted with his story I should never marry him."

His strong frame trembled with emotion.

"I swear to you that I have never known one moment's peace or happiness since I did it."

"Then Heaven is just," she said coldly. "I will finish what I came to say, as this may be the last time we shall meet. You have wrecked and ruined my life. I have enjoyed the world, and have loved its gaieties and pleasures, but no nun shall live a more secluded life than I shall live now. I leave you to proclaim to the world that the blow from your traitorous hand has sent me into solitude," she said. "And, now that I have said what I came to say, I will leave you. I have told you how completely you have succeeded in blighting two lives; you will perhaps enjoy your own all the better for thinking of that."

"I shall think of it with sorrow and regret," he returned.

A faint ripple of scorn passed over the pale face.

"You have not even the courage of your crime," she said. "You tell a lie that ruins two lives, and then express regret for it. I really think that I should prefer a more hardened criminal."

She walked with her usual stately step to the door, but he threw himself before her; he tried to clasp her hand but she would neither look at him nor listen.

"I have said all that I came to say, and I have not one word to add. Let me pass."

He was so overawed by her dignity, by the imperious gesture and the proud face, that he drew back, and she passed out of his presence for ever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Irishman drinks whisky, a Frenchman, wine; an Englishman, ale; a Dutchman, beer; and an American, anything he can get.

AFFIDAVIT.

A Graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy of 25 Years Standing.

A Prominent Business Man and Citizen of Philadelphia.

The Wonderful Washing Qualities of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Its Remarkable Aid to the Physician.

Its Harmless Effect on the Skin and on Clothing Washed With It.

Statements that it will not do Everything Claimed When the Directions are Followed Branded as Malicious Falsehoods.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the City of Philadelphia, personally appeared FRANK H. SIDDALL, well known to me as a prominent citizen of Philadelphia in good standing, and made the following affidavit:

I served an apprenticeship to the Drug and Chemical Business with the well known Philadelphia drug firm of John C Baker & Co; attended three full courses of Lectures on Chemistry, Materia Medica and the Preparation of Medicine, at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and graduated March 1856; and up to the time of my entering into the manufacturing of the Frank Siddalls Soap a period of 25 years, was engaged in the Wholesale and Retail Drug business, the greater part of that time on my own account.

I hereby make solemn affidavit that The Frank Siddalls Soap is not a medicated preparation, but is made from fine materials, entirely free from any deleterious fats, acids, or other injurious substances, and that the wonderful washing properties that it appears to have, on old and recent sores or ulcers, chapped and inflamed surfaces and itching of the skin, tetter, salt rheum, itching piles &c., &c., sores and scratches on horses, mange and scabby skin troubles of dogs, hogs and other animals, must be entirely due to the purity of the materials of which it is composed, the clean process by which it is made, and the great care taken during every stage of its manufacture to see that none of its ingredients shall be spoiled by careless or ignorant manipulation; and that my success in the production of such superior soap is attributable to the same reason that one housekeeper will produce sweet, light and wholesome bread, where others, who use equally as good flour, will, through defective management, have sour, heavy and indigestible bread.

I do solemnly declare that while it was never intended for, and is not, nor is it claimed to be, a medical preparation, or having any special medical properties, there is no question but that it is a valuable aid to the physician, from its remarkable cleansing purifying and deodorizing properties, which so thoroughly remove all foreign matter from the skin that nature is enabled to carry on its own healing function.

I do solemnly declare that the testimonials published from time to time are copies of genuine letters received at my office in due course of business the originals being on file and open to the inspection of the public.

I further declare that all the claims made for it are true in every particular, and that statements that it will not do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, are malicious or ignorant falsehoods; that it actually makes clothing clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding or hard rubbing, and is equally good for calico, lawns, blankets, flannels, fine laces and fine clothing, as well as the more soiled garments of farmers, miners, blacksmiths and laborers; removing the grime, dust and dirt from the skin of engineers and firemen, cleansing and removing the smell from milk pails and the hands of those who attend to milking, and superior for cleaning nursing bottles and tubing, and consequently of great advantage in the nursery; and that it can be made to go so much further than other soap for all uses, and saves so much fuel when used on the family wash, that it is the cheapest soap that even the poorest family can buy.

I do further solemnly declare that it is used by myself and family, to the exclusion of all other soap, for toilet, shaving, bathing and all household purposes, and in place of Castile soap for cleaning the teeth and in the washing of cuts and wounds; and that I have positive knowledge from my own personal and home experience that even its long continued use will not injure the skin of those using it, nor the most delicate fabrics washed with it.

FRANK H. SIDDALL.

The above affidavit affirmed and subscribed before me this twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1881.

EZRA LUKENS,
Magistrate of Court No. 12.

We desire to ask the special attention of our readers to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, which is now attracting great attention throughout the United States from its remarkable qualities as a Bath, Toilet, and Shaving Soap, and for the welcome fact that when used

By The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes

The entire drudgery and hard work of washday is completely done away with.

Should any of the claims made for this wonderful Soap seem overdrawn, there are two points that must be taken into consideration:

In the First Place, the Soap retails for only ten cents; and as a single trial will prove the truth or falsity of the claims made for it, **it would never pay to advertise it unless it really would accomplish what it promises.**

In the Next Place, we wish our readers to bear in mind that **we would not insert this Advertisement if there was any humbug about it.**

AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED, but next washday give one honest trial of The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Answers alike for the finest laces and baby garments or the coarser clothing of the day-laborer.

REMEMBER, such a grand Soap for the Skin cant injure clothing.

A WASH-KETTLE MUST NOT BE USED, not even to *heat* the wash-water.

[A wash-kettle or copper boiler will almost always boil the water, and will thus set the stains in spite of the most careful housekeeping, and this injures some of the very delicate and expensive ingredients that are contained in The Frank Siddalls Soap.]

A teakettle will furnish enough hot water for a large wash, as only lukewarm water is used.

Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK.

The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn.
Dont put clothes to soak overnight: it makes them harder to wash and is not a clean way.
Dont try on part of the wash; try it on the entire wash.
The Soap washes freely in hard water. **Dont use Soda or Borax.**
The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

SOLD BY GROCERS. *See that you get what you ask for.*

The following is the neat, genteel, elegant FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of washing clothes:

First: *Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water; draw it out on the washboard, and soap it lightly* wherever you see any dirt or soiled places. *Then roll up the article in a tight roll,* just as a piece is rolled when spread for ironing, *and lay it back in the tub in the water out of the way* —and so on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—*one hour is just the thing!*—**and let the Soap do its work.**

Next: *After standing the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, when all the dirt will drop out.*

Turn each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams; but dont use any more soap, and *dont wash through two suds,* but get all the dirt out in the first suds.

☞ *Next comes the rinsing.*

Each piece must be *lightly* washed through a lukewarm rinse-water on the wash-board without using any soap *until all the dirty suds are out.*

(Every housekeeper will know just how to do this.)

☞ *Next comes the blue-water.*

Stir a piece of Soap in the blue-water until the water is decided soapy; put the clothes through this soapy blue-water *and out on the line without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece.*

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send ten cents in stamps or money to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia.

[Say in your letter that it shall be used on a regular family wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.]

In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good-sized wash.

[It will be put up in a neat metal box costing 6c.—15c. in postage stamps will be put on and all sent to you for ten cents.]

If wanted for the Toilet or Skin Diseases, thirty cents must be sent, to cover the cost.

[Only one piece will be sent to each person writing.—The same Soap is used for all purposes, but it is only when it is to be used for a family wash that it will be sent for ten cents.]

DONT SEND FOR MORE THAN ONE CAKE, and *dont even send for that* until satisfied that **this Paper would not insert this Advertisement if it was a humbug.**

[The Soap will not be sent unless a promise comes to use it by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.]

SMART PEOPLE WILL TRY THE SOAP. It will do away with the hard work of washday, with steam, with yellow clothes.

PROVES TO BE A WONDERFUL CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES, *entirely superseding the use of Ointments and Salves.*

There is only one kind of Frank Siddalls Soap made, and it is for every use that soap is put to.

If you have a friend in trouble with Ingrowing Toe-Nails, Itching Piles, Tetter, Salt Rheum, or in any trouble with sore surfaces of the skin, *no matter of how many years' standing,* **tell him to try Frank Siddalls Soap.**

[For Ingrowing Toe-Nails, wet the Soap and put on the nail and bandage it on; repeat every night.]

By washing freely with the Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on plenty of the rich, creamy lather, and not allowing any ointment or any other soap or any other application to touch the skin, **it has never been known to fail to cure old stubborn ulcers, ringworm,** and *all itching and scaly humors* on the body, and the *terrible scaly excrustations* that sometimes are found on the heads of children.

It will soon be used in every Almshouse and every Hospital and every Dispensary in the country.

REMEMBER, it does not soil the garments or bed-clothing, as ointments always do.

CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

[A Pamphlet showing mode of use has been prepared, and can be had on application.]

Read the following astonishing proof of the healing effect of The Frank Siddalls Soap:

CLINTON, ONEIDA CO., N. Y., March 16, 1881.

MR. FRANK SIDDALL,—*Dear Sir:*—The cake of Frank Siddalls Soap to hand. It is not only as good as stated, but has proved a godsend to me. I was troubled with Salt Rheum on my hands and arms for years, and your Soap gives all the relief and cure that I can obtain. It has been a godsend to me.

Yours truly, Thomas Collins.

FRANKLIN, VENANGO CO., PA., March 9, 1881.

MR. FRANK SIDDALL, Sir: [illegible] and every other purpose.

Our Young Folks.

JENNIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT

BY ROSE KINGSLEY

IT was a rainy dismal autumn day and the big country house where Jennie lived with her parents seemed so unusually quiet, that a young lady (who was Jennie's cousin, and was staying there on a visit) looked up from her work—she was at work with Jennie's mamma in the drawing room and said:

"What can have become of Jennie? I have not heard her laugh once all this morning."

The mamma said rather sorrowfully that it was one of Jennie's "bad days." She was a dear, good child, but a little impetuous and unreasonable. Her papa had promised to take her for a drive that morning, as he was obliged to go to a neighboring town on business.

"But of course it was impossible to take the child in the pouring rain," she added, "only Jennie cannot see the matter in this light, and feels deeply injured."

"I will go and find her," said the soft featured lady who looked contented and happy, although certain people had already sometimes called her "an old maid."

And she hunted the house through, visiting all Jennie's particular haunt, but there was no Jennie.

At last she came upon her, crouched upon a window-seat in one of the corridors looking miserable and defiant, her lips pouting, her eyes swollen and red.

At first she would not speak.

But at last the coaxing manner and soothing voice of her good friend melted her somewhat.

She detailed her injuries.

"They delight in promising me things and disappointing me at the last moment. As for papa, he is cruel."

"I cannot bear to hear you say that, child."

Jennie's cousin seemed transformed. She looked almost angry.

Jennie felt a little ashamed.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because I once said the same thing, and was so bitterly punished for it," was the reply.

"Tell me," asked Jennie, subdued. "I did not mean anything wrong."

"That is a poor excuse for your nasty words, Jennie. However I won't preach. My little story will do that."

Then she began:

"When I was a little girl like you, Jennie, I had a very dear father. He was a clergyman and though my love for him did not keep me from being troublesome and disobedient to him, I thought I loved him very dearly indeed.

"My mother had died when I was a baby, but I had a middle-aged governess, who was good to me, in her prim, dry way.

"I had birds, two dogs, a pony, and a most beautiful cat. Children in the neighborhood were often invited to spend the day, and we were often allowed to roam about the gardens and grounds as we pleased. Then I went to spend the day with them.

"I had some cousins, big girls, and when I was but a little older than you, a grand party was given in honor of the twenty-first birthday of the eldest one. The latter wrote to my father, and begged that I might be allowed to come, and he consented. These cousins were rich and had a big house in the city.

"I was of course very anxious to go and made great preparations, but the day before the one fixed for our departure, I had violent attack of a cold.

"Next day I got up, a trifle giddy and very hoarse, but determined to persuade them all I was quite well. I talked and laughed and made a great show of being very hungry at dinner time. But I did not like the grave look on my father's face. Surely he could not be thinking of forbidding my going to the party! he would not be so cruel.

"But my misgiving proved true. He said that on account of my illness I could not go.

"'You are cruel!' I said, springing away from him and rushing away.

"And stubborn and angry, I went to bed, refusing to speak when I was spoken to. And next morning I got up late. I heard my father calling me from below, and wheels on the drive told me the carriage was coming to take him to the station. Then as I failed to appear he came upstairs, and knocked at my door.

"I made no reply. Miss Jones, coming into my room at the moment, said in a low voice 'Mary, you ought to be ashamed of yourself,' then opened the door and said I was dressing and would not be long. I heard him take out his watch and say in a disappointed tone that he could not wait; then he said, 'Good bye, darling, God bless and keep you. I shall soon be back,' so tenderly and sadly, that for the moment my hardness melted—I longed to throw myself in his arms.

"But he was gone. I saw the carriage drive out of the gate and disappear where the road turns; then a dreadful sense of desolation came over me, that I never had, either before or since.

"The morning seemed as if it would never pass. There were to be no lessons. After dawdling about I went to the window which overlooked the road, and the drive to the front door.

"'Whatever can those men be doing?' I thought, as four or five men I knew by sight came in at the gate, slowly, each one seeming to talk without listening to the others.

"I felt something was wrong. I watched the men till they disappeared behind the bushes; they were going round to the back door; then I listened and waited.

"Suddenly I heard a scream—my heart seemed to stop—then some one ran upstairs and rushed in.

"It was the housemaid looking so white and scared.

"'Don't you go down, Miss Mary,' she said, 'it's only somebody got a fit or something,' but she shivered and wrung her hands.

"I made one spring, and darted downstairs.

"But nurse caught and drew me aside. I don't know why, but I felt I had lost my father.

"There had been a serious accident to the train by which he was traveling. The car he was in had been overturned, and a fellow passenger who knew him saw him taken out from among the ruins lifeless and had brought the terrible news back with him. I lay like one half dead, too, on Miss Jones's bed, listening to the cruel tale, and half hoping it was a cruel dream, a nightmare from which I should awake.

"Then, the storm of sorrow spent, I was worn out, and fell asleep.

"When I awoke, the last rays of sunset were streaming into the room. Some one had drawn up the blinds and the noise had awakened me. Dreamily I listened to a whispering behind the curtain of my bed.

"'Do you think it would be prudent to tell her to night?' Miss Jones was saying.

"'Certainly.' Then followed a long sentence delivered in a voice I recognized as that of the village doctor. I caught the words 'Joy does not kill.' Then by their very mockery I remembered all. I pushed aside the curtain and cried, 'Why do you come here to torment me? Why did you not let me sleep?'

"Then I stared in astonishment! Miss Jones, beaming, smiling, kissed me—which for her—and said, 'Mary, compose yourself, make up your mind for a great surprise, a great mercy.'

"'He is alive!' I cried, and would have rushed to find him, but they held me back.

"The good doctor sat down and talked to me, quietly and gravely. It was true that my father was not dead, as had been supposed; but he had been brought home in a most critical state and his recovery depended entirely upon quiet.'

"'For many weeks we did not know whether he would live or die. But at last he began to get better, and before winter set in he was being wheeled about the garden and I was walking by his side, a altered child, because the daily anxiety had taught me more than I had learned during the years I had lived in the world; I knew how selfish I had been, what a useless life was mine compared to that precious one I had so little valued, and had so nearly lost.

"'I have told you this story, dear, as a little warning. I cannot wish you to learn the value of your parents at so great a cost.'

"'I shall not,' said Jennie, wiping her eyes, and nodding her head. 'Next time, I will indeed think before I speak: I did not really mean what I said, you know.'"

FAST MONKEYS.—Monkeys are born in almost as helpless a condition as are human beings. For the first fortnight after birth they pass their time in being nursed, in sleeping, and looking about them. During the whole of this time the care and attention of the mother are most exemplary; the slightest sound or movement excites her immediate notice; and, with her baby in her arms, she skilfully evades any approaching danger. At the end of the first fortnight the little one begins to get about by itself, but always under its mother's watchful care. She frequently attempts to teach it to do for itself; but never forgets her solicitude for its safety, and at the earliest intimation of danger seizes it in her arms and seeks a place of refuge. When about six weeks old the baby begins to need more substantial nutriment, and is taught to provide for himself. Its powers are speedily developed, and in a few weeks its agility is most surprising. Too motherly a fondness for her offspring continues, she devotes all her care to its comfort and education, and should it meet with an untimely end, her grief is so intense as frequently to cause her own death.

TWO TORONTO suitors of the same girl wanted to take her out for a drive on the same afternoon. They fought in the street for possession, and finally seized her, each pulling her with all his might towards his own carriage. Her clothing was badly damaged before the victor had finally secured her.

BESIDE THE DEAD.

BY A. O. G.

IT was late one night when two travelers, tired and weary, pursued their way along the high road and up the main street of the small fishing town of Seagirt. It was a relief to the young men when they gained the little old inn of the place.

There was but one inmate in the little parlor, and he appeared half asleep over the embers of a clear fire, which filled a grate surrounded by tiles of a bygone taste. The light fell obscurely upon a marked and care worn countenance not devoid of a certain degree of benignity. He watched the new comers as they entered with attention, and withdrew his pipe from his mouth to address an occasional observation to them. These were received in a manner which invited further talk—the garrulity of age needed but slight encouragement—and there was something that suited the half real tone which had pervaded the minds of the two men during the last hours of their journey, in the knowledge that the personage who seemed to desire nothing better than to amuse leisure intervening between supper and bedtime with answers to their queries, was the retired sexton of the church hard by. They had noticed the scattered grave-yards which extended far along the brink of the cliff and had been half filled by his hands with the mouldering remains whose places were indicated by the thickly strewn tombstones.

"I remember," said the old sexton, knocking out the ashes of the pipe with a sharp click upon the mantelshelf,—"I remember, when I was no higher than that joint stool yonder, my father asking me into the church to pull the bell for the first funeral I was to assist at. When I say the first funeral I mean that it was the passing bell we went to ring, for the funeral never took place after all, as I'll describe to you, if so be you'd like to hear.

"One of our townspeople had a daughter—an only one. Her mother, who had been a Frenchwoman, did not long survive the birth of her child. The father, entirely occupied in his business, sent the little girl across the water to a school recommended by some of his wife's relations. She used to come home at the holidays every half year, and every one that knew her liked the little thing, and prophesied wonders of her beauty and talent at some future time.

"At school, Emily Langham became acquainted with a young girl named Julie—a bright and beautiful creature, the soul of wit and gaiety. She was an orphan, and possessed but little of her father's heart or interest, Emily found a good deal in her young friend's position like to her own. Julie had been a soldier's daughter; an officer who, dying in action, bequeathed her to the care of a faithful corporal by whom she was tenderly reared until childhood had passed.

"Emily was struck by the romantic circumstances attending Julie; and congenial tastes soon developed a sincere attachment between those two young creatures. So she persuaded her father more than once to invite Julie over for the term of her short visit home.

"At last they left school. It was noticed that the friends were closeted together for a considerable time on the day of their parting, that they seemed depressed beyond their years by their enforced separation.

"Emily Langham had soon many lovers. She fixed her choice, however, upon one whom we all thought unworthy of her.

"A worthless fellow, in truth, was he—one to break her tender heart and leave her to years of weary despondency when his end was gained, and the coveted wealth at his command.

"Nevertheless, old Langham allowed himself to be persuaded to give him his daughter, and the wedding-day was settled, and everything in order for the young pair.

"Three days before that fixed—three days mark me—Emily Langham fell ill with a disorder which none of our doctors could exactly understand.

"A few hours put her past their aid and the whole place moaned when my father and I went shivering into the cold, echoing little church to toll the passing bell and the news was spread by its iron tongue far and near.

"Now, listen! It was known generally that Julie had been invited to the wedding, and was unable to come, from the circumstance of being unexpectedly called into quite a contrary direction. What, therefore, was the surprise of the neighbors when a fishing smack from the opposite coast deposited, the next evening at dusk a young girl on the landing place of our harbor, who was known to several as the dearly loved friend of the deceased. She walked with a firm step to the house; but pale and anxious was the countenance she raised to the window, across which the blinds and curtains were already lowered.

"She was admitted to the presence of the broken hearted father, and he surprised by her sudden appearance, and under the impression that she had come intending to be present at the wedding, sought, by carefully preparing her for the truth, to ward off the expected shock. She stopped him, however.

"'I know too well,' she said with forced composure, 'what you have to say. I came here knowing that something was wrong; a presentiment, no matter how conveyed told me my friend was in danger, and warned me to set out at once to join her. It seems I am too late.'

"Young Stanley Emily Langham's lover was present. He was, as I have said, a young man of little feeling. Julie looked strangely beautiful in her disordered dress. He fell in love with her in that painful moment, and it was past the power of his selfish nature to recall or subdue his passion.

"'I have,' she resumed, glancing at both her auditors, 'to inform of a compact which I made with my friend. We agreed, before we parted last, that whene'er one died, the survivor should watch besides her remains until they were consigned to the grave. I wish at once to enter upon the fulfilment of my duties; but one or both of you may desire to share them. Should such be the case I can of course offer no opposition.'

"Henry Stanley was, like all selfish men, a coward. He had no taste for closeting himself with the dead, however young and pretty his companion in the watch might be. He murmured therefore, some compliments on a friendship which he could not understand, and quickly departed while the grief stricken father led his unexpected visitor to the bedside of his lost child.

"All that night and the following did Julie watch her friend's lifeless body.

"Mr Langham had at last resigned himself to the fever which was coming in his veins and at Julie's representation had gone to seek under the care of a medical student who had been formerly an apprentice in his house some strength to sustain the anticipated distress of the funeral, which was to take place on the morrow.

"Julie sat alone in the death chamber—her heavy eyes [illegible] (if her watch had never [illegible] sleep, sought vainly to follow the lines of a book she had taken to distract her almost overpowering thoughts. Sad recollections dearlie herself, crowded upon her.

"Her mind reverted, despite herself, to happy school-days of which this was the sequel; and a convulsive sob burst from her lips.

"She started, for it was echoed. She glanced round; all was still, but not so easily were her doubts set at rest. Rising she took the lamp from the table and hastily advanced to the object of her care.

"Yes; she was right—there had been a sound, for the hands as she well knew, of the deceased, had been crossed upon her bosom; and now, a change event, one of them had fallen to the side, the fingers tightly clenched together.

"Quick as thought and uttering one piercing cry for aid, the brave girl raised the slight form of her friend in her arms. Cold as it felt she was not daunted. A few moments more, and the breath of the clay-clad maiden was coming faint as a bird's and broken by convulsive inspirations; and the young doctor hurrying to the room, found the two locked in each other's arms.

"Little did he know at the time which most needed his care. Emily must have died, indeed, had not her friend been present to see the moment at which all hope would have finally been extinguished. She owed her life to her dear young friend, and paid the debt with years of faithful attachment.

"She never married Stanley, however, but gave her hand and heart to the young doctor who had aided in her restoration to life."

"And how was it she had lain to all appearance dead so long?" spoke both young men in a breath.

"Was it a trance?"

"A trance? Yes. The doctor said it was a trance. The clergyman said it might have been Julie's prayers. I daresay it was. Well, well! I grow old, and the nights are chilly. My service to you, gentlemen. Good night."

LEMONS.—For all people, in sickness or in health lemonade is a safe drink. It corrects biliousness. It is a specific against worms and skin complaint. A physician suggests rubbing of the gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers mixed with strong, hot black tea or coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head, by rubbing the roots of the hair with it.

It is an argument of a candid, ingenious mind to delight in the good name and commendations of others; to pass by their defects and take notice of their virtues, and to speak or hear willingly of the latter, for in this instance you may be little less guilty than the evil speaker, in taking pleasure in evil, though you speak it not.

LITTLE VOICES.

BY W. M. A.

When the western sun is sinking,
And the timid stars are blinking,
And the sheep-bell's distant clinking
Tunes the evening air;
Children's voices gaily ringing,
Shouting, laughing, talking, singing,
Ride the balmy breezes, flinging
Music sweet and rare.

When the winter fires are gleaming,
And the ruddy cheeks are beaming,
And the hollied rooms are teeming
With the radiance bright;
Lordly roof and cottage rafter
Echo back the merry laughter
Of the happy children after
Every new delight.

Richly sweet, and sweetly pleasant,
Ringing out the past and present,
Comes the voice of lord and peasant
Merrily and clear;
We forgot awhile the sadness
Of our dreaming and our sadness
And rejoice with them in gladness,
Losing every fear.

'Mid the summer's fragrant breezes,
When the chill of winter seizes
Every verdant gem, and freezes
Every pool and stream;
Come the children's voices ringing,
Ever fresh, and ever bringing
Joy to sorrow, sweetly flinging
Over us a dream.

Lit le merry voices swelling,
Round about our childhood's dwelling,
Frank and fearless, fondly telling
Of the happy yore;
And we bless the children's laughter,
Echoed from the dome and rafter,
And their little voices after
Love them more and more.

ECCENTRIC WILLS.

WAS it humorous eccentricity, or an irrepressible feeling of malice, which prompted the bequests of a certain doctor, who leaves a field to one sister "to console her for being married to a man she is obliged to henpeck;" a silver drinking-cup to another "for reasons known to herself;" and a pipe to a brother-in-law, "out of gratitude that he married my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken?" In these bequests, humor and malice may have combined, but the latter is most evident, as it is also in the case of a German professor, who left his property to a relative he disliked "on the absolute condition that he should wear white linen clothes at all seasons of the year."

The fifth Earl of Pembroke, who lived in the seventeenth century, is extremely satirical in his bequests. "I give nothing," he writes, "to Lord Sayes; and I do make him this legacy willingly because I know that he will faithfully distribute it unto the poor." To Cromwell, he bequeaths one of his words, "the which he must want, seeing that he never kept any of his own;" and to Thomas May, whose nose he broke at a masquerade, he leaves five shillings. Perhaps the most characteristic bequest in this will is "the following: 'Seeing that I did menace a certain Mildmay, but did not thrash him, I do leave the sum of $250 to the lacquey that shall pay unto him my debt."

It is difficult to imagine a man deliberately writing a will which shall exhibit his own folly or shame fools of his friends, and yet this has been done in numerous cases. In one instance, we read of a wealthy man leaving a son and daughter as his residuary legatees who, as his executors discovered, after much labor, never had an existence; in another case, an estate of some value was left to an eldest son, on the condition that he shaved off his moustache, and never allowed it to grow again. A testator who once made a ridiculous bequest was cleverly outwitted. He had bequeathed $10 000 to a friend, on condition that half the sum should be buried with him. A wag advised that a check for $5 000 drawn to order should be placed in the old gentleman's coffin, which was done accordingly.

Under the heading "Directions for Burial," several grotesque incidents are recorded. A lady bequeaths a surgeon $100 000 on condition that he should claim her body and embalm it, and "that he should once in every year look upon her face, two witnesses being present." A maiden lady of New York leaves her property for the purpose of building a church on condition "that her remains should be mixed up in the mortar used for fixing the first stone;" another lady, of an economical turn of mind, desires that if she should die away from her home, her remains, after being placed in a coffin, should be enclosed in a plain deal box, and conveyed by train to them. "Let no mention," she states, "be made of the contents, as the conveyance will not then be charged more than for an ordinary package." A French traveler, recently deceased, desired to be buried in a large leather trunk to which he was attached, as it "had gone round the world with him three times," and an English clergyman and justice of the peace, who, at the age of eighty-three, had married a girl of thirteen, desired to be buried in an old chest he had selected for the purpose.

Tastes differ in the matter of burial. One man wishes to be interred with the bed on which he had been lying; another wished to be buried far from the haunts of men, where Nature may "smile upon his remains;" and a third bequeathed his corpse for dissection, after which it is put into a deal box and thrown into the river. One man does not wish to be buried at all, but gives his body to the gas company to be consumed to ashes in one of their retorts, a thing that should the superstition of the times prevent the fulfilment of his bequest, his executors may place his remains in the cemetery, "to assist in poisoning the living in that neighborhood."

An amusing story is told of a lady, who, in her last illness, promised the parson to leave him a sum of money for charitable uses. When she was dying she begged him to come nearer to the bedside, and gasped out, "R-reverend sir—I've—given—you." "S-ay," said the clergyman, anxious to have as many witnesses as possible to the expected statement, "I will call in the family," and opening the door he beckoned them all in. "I've given you," said the old lady, with increasing difficulty, "given—you—a great deal of trouble." This incident recalls a passage in one of Lord Bolingbroke's letters, in which, writing to a friend, he says,—"I am very sorry my Lord Marlborough gives you so much trouble. It is the only thing he will give you." Cats, dogs, birds and horses have been frequently remembered in wills. Lord Chesterfield left a sum for his cat, and Lord Eldon bequeathed $40 a year to his dog "Pincher;" a lady, possessed of more money than sense, left an annuity of $1 000 to her parrot; and a Frenchman made a horse his heir, but bequeathed the horse to his nephew.

Grains of Gold.

Genius is eternal patience.

Envy waits at Virtue's elbow.

Lying is the vice of a weak mind.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

What we frankly give, forever is our own.

Unreasonable haste is the direct road to error.

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

Learn the art of entertaining yourself and others wisely.

No one loves to tell of scandal except to him who loves to hear it.

Genuine benevolence is not stationary. It goeth about doing good.

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.

Be cautious how you let fall a remark. It may hurt somebody seriously.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

The habit of discerning good qualities in others is a source of diffusible happiness.

We waste our time in moments, our money in small sums, and our happiness in trifles.

Whatever you do, have system about it. It is the greatest labor-saving machine in the world.

He that places himself neither higher nor lower than he ought to do, exercises the truest humility.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow. If you are to do a noble thing, do it now.

Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.

The highest luxury of which the human mind is sensible is to call smiles upon the face of misery.

Like a piece of steel, that man is the strongest and most effective who always retains his temper.

Let us have faith that right makes might, dare to do our duty, for to help is to do the work of the world.

It many times falls out that we deem ourselves much deceived in others, because we first deceive ourselves.

Don't live for yourself, and do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others.

Our alarms are much more numerous than our dangers, and we suffer much more in apprehension than in reality.

We spend half our life in making mistakes, and waste the poor remainder in thinking how we might have avoided them.

Always meet impudence with gentleness, and perverseness with kindness. A gentle hand can lead even an elephant by a single hair.

He that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice, should go a little farther, and endeavor to plant a virtue in its place.

The mind of a young creature cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to receive that which is bad.

Why cannot men begin to glorify God with yard-stick, a pair of shears, a hand-saw, and a pen in their hands, and not wait for golden harps?

Always act in the presence of children with the utmost circumspection. They mark all you do, and most of them are wiser than you imagine.

None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wise as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes, and especially the mistakes of prejudice.

If we make the world better, truer and happier, let us begin with our own hearts and lives. Only in that way can we teach men the value of religion.

It is quite easy to perform our duties when they are pleasant, and imply no self sacrifice; the test of principle is to perform them with equal readiness when they are onerous and disagreeable.

Never compare thy condition with those above thee; but to secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldst not, for thy interest, change thy fortune and condition.

To tell our secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are entrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

It is quite easy to perform our duties when they are pleasant, and imply no self sacrifice; the test of principle is to perform them with equal readiness when they are onerous and disagreeable.

Some men say that wealth is power, and some that talent is power, and some that knowledge is power, and others that authority is power; but there is an apothegm that we would place on high above them all when we assert that truth is power.

"That Eat All I Want."

A dyspeptic who had procured Compound Oxygen, makes this report: "I eat like a farm hand; no more distress in my stomach. Can eat just all I want, and then forget that I have a stomach, until about time for the next meal." Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. Drs STARKEY & PALEN 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reminiscences.

The invention of new garters continues steadily.

Brocaded grenadines are costly, but they look rich.

Transported for life.—The man who marries happily.

Summer brocades made with borders are in good style.

The English bridal cake is adorned with white flowers.

A pleasant reflection—A pretty girl's face in a glass.

It is easier for a man to be engaged than to be engaging.

What fish is most valued by a loving wife?—Her-ring.

Why are blushes like girls?—Because they become women.

To pass for youthful at a ball you must wear no jewelry.

London belles still go to dances with gold dust on their hair.

An ugly dog's head of black wood is one of the parasol handles.

Bustles are regaining favor, especially with elaborate dresses.

Women never truly command until they have promised to obey.

We often hear of a widow mending her condition by re-pairing.

A dark red plush Alsatian bow looks well in the hair for morning.

A little girl in Michigan is nursing a bad bite from a circus monkey.

Gold and silver anklets are now worn by ladies when roller-skating.

Princess Louise oversees the marketing and does odd bits of cookery.

A small Greek cap of gauze, the size of your hand, is a new head-gear.

A girl may look often in a mirror because reflection is good for the mind.

Beauty has been called "the wise man's bonfire and the fool's furnace."

When is a girl not a girl?—When she turns into a confectioner's shop.

The Sisters of Charity now number thirty thousand throughout the world.

"Prelate" purple satin figures in rich dressing, and produces fine effect.

Many a young lady marries a rich man, and find soon after that he is a poor husband.

The late Countess Montijo, mother of the ex-Empress Eugenia, once kept a millinery store at Brussels.

"I love men," said Christine of Sweden, "not because they are men, but because they are not women."

Jerrold says that young boys who marry old maids gather in the spring of life the golden fruits of autumn.

Getting married is a good deal like a game of whist—it depends altogether on what kin' of a hand you hold.

A little girl, after profound reflection sitting in her little chair by the fire, asked, "Ma, how does a stepmother walk?"

A Chicago editor gave his daughter a $500 000 check on her wedding day. It afterwards made an excellent lamplighter.

"What would you be, dear," said he to his sweetheart, "if I were to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationary," she said.

A Syracuse girl broke off her engagement because her lover joined a base-ball club. She thought he might get exercise enough sawing wood for an orphan asylum.

Extravagance in dress amongst the Parisians has reached a climax; a correspondent tells us that she has seen a dress at a fashionable milliner's which is valued at $30,000.

A young lady has hit upon the expedient of writing her love-letters saturated with petroleum, so as to know if her betrothed should attempt to light his cigars with any of them.

A wife desired her husband to buy her a new silk dress. "Why, my dear," said he, "How can I do it when I have no money?" And then she simply exclaimed, "O so, dear."

A key was all the present that a bride received from the bridegroom's parents last week in New York, but it opened the door of a splendid house, and the young lady did not complain.

It is observed that with the increased attentions of women to calisthenics and gymnastic exercises generally, that the men have taken to practicing and improving their speed in running.

"How I do like to look through a telescope!" exclaimed a young lady. "Through a telescope?" sneered her sour-tempered old aunt. "Through a telescope? Humph! Give me a keyhole!"

There was a slight earthquake in New Hampshire the other day, and every man, supposing the jar was caused by the woman next door firing her husband out of the house, rushed into the street to see the fun.

At an evening party a lady was asked to sing, and sitting down at the piano, she warbled, "I'll strike again my tuneful lyre," at which her husband was seen to dodge behind the door, and rub his shoulder sympathetically.

The latest and most expressive agony for young ladies is assumed by putting on a fixed stare, opening the mouth, and tip-tilting the nose. This gives you the appearance of an angel who has just touched the earth and finds nothing good enough for it.

American manufacturers advise women to buy enough knitting silk to finish an article before they begin it, in order to avoid the difficulty in matching, says an exchange. That is very well for the manufacturers, but do they expect a woman to change her very nature in order to please them?

A prominent writer argues against giving girls a college education saying, "The freedom of college life is admirable for a young man, because he is to pass from it into the independent life of the world. It is, I think, undesirable for a young lady, because she is to return from it to the restricted circle of home."

News Notes.

Cooking by electricity is the next new thing.

Opium is said to kill 3,000,000 Chinese annually.

We have in this country 358 colleges with 30,268 students.

Fruits and leaves are painted in oil on satin sunshades.

Indian girls who have been civilized like to sew and knit.

"Turists' chocolates are among the fashionable confections.

The electric light is to be used this summer at camp meetings.

There are only five miles of railroad in the kingdom of Greece.

The cherry tree has fewer insect enemies than any other fruit tree.

Out West a man was recently shot dead because he wouldn't pay.

It costs over $80 000 a year for the repairs at St. Peter's, Rome.

Among the Gauls cutting of the hair was inflicted as a punishment.

Nine men have been hanged in Arkansas by lynchers within a month.

All fashionable handkerchiefs are enriched in some way with color.

A young lady should have Miss engraved before her name on a visiting card.

How to be a Christian in business ought to be discussed in prayer meetings.

The son of an Ohio Supreme Court Judge has gone to State Prison for forgery.

The Japanese pug is now among the pet dogs. It is black and white.

The mayor of Cincinnati has prohibited all plowing on Sunday within the city limits.

An open Greek Bible in a store window displays the words: "Make your own revision."

A tarantula spider was imported into Connecticut in a bunch of bananas, and it bit a dealer.

A certain Swiss firm keeps hundreds of carrier pigeons which smuggle small watches into Italy.

In England the high professors of aestheticism are hereafter to be known as the Dadocracy.

Elephants milk has been analyzed, and found to be even richer in cream than an Alderney cow's.

A satirical inn-keeper in Virginia advertises his house as "the only second-class hotel in the world."

Over $100,000 000 of hard money has come into this country from outside since August first, last.

A Frenchman proposes to rent for mushroom-raising purposes a portion of the Mammoth Cave, Ky.

School teachers in a Connecticut town punish their pupils by pouring ice-water down their backs.

The city of Boston has resumed its Sunday afternoon concerts by a military band upon its Common.

It is estimated that there are at least ten railroad brakemen killed throughout the country every day.

A Gotham house is to have a carved bronze door worth fifteen thousand dollars imported from Italy.

The pious women of a Western town chased an agent for the sale of the revised Testament out of town.

Two brothers in Lebanon, Ohio, are engaged in a bitter and expensive lawsuit over the ownership of a hog.

Lord Shaftesbury lately stated that $180 000 000 have been spent on church building in England in this century.

A single robber stopped a stage in Texas and rifled the mail-bag, while four well-armed passengers sat idly looking on.

The Paris Society for the Protection of Animals has established in the suburbs of that city a hospital for sick beasts.

For the year ending April 1881 there were 1 855 railroad accidents in this country, killing 355 persons, and injuring 1 873 persons.

An eagle carried off a rooster from a New York barnyard. Three days after chanticleer returned, looking well, but awfully hungry.

It is said that the German Chancellor Bismarck never attends any kind of entertainments. All his time is given to business and politics.

A Baltimore boy who was in the habit of stealing money from his father to give to his mother as his own earnings, has been sent to a reform school.

The domes of all the great churches in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other large towns of Russia are plated with gold nearly one-quarter of an inch thick.

It is said that Krupp cannot meet his big gun orders. Viz: Roumania, 100; Greece, 100; Sweden 50; Holland 120; Italy 400. Such are Europe's peace prospects.

During a murder trial in Arkansas a club, a rock, a rail, an axe-handle, a knife, and a shot gun were exhibited as "the instrument with which the deed was done."

A Sunday-school pic nic manager explained that he did not make the lemonade sour because the children had milk for breakfast and he was afraid to make them sick.

In Italy a newspaper man and an officer lately fought a duel, in which shots were exchanged with impunity. The pistols had been loaded by the seconds with chocolate caramels.

A Georgia boy was aiming a gun at a robin. A little girl begged him not to shoot it, and, when he would not desist, scared it away. The exasperated young hunter thereupon shot the girl.

A bank clerk in Boston was accidentally locked in a vault a few afternoons ago. His frantic cries brought no release; but, fortunately, a book that had been carelessly left out caused the re-opening of the door.

New Publications.

"The Emperor" is the last of the series of Egyptian romances written by Prof Ebers. Of the series, "Uarda" pictures the splendor of the reign of Pharoah, "An Egyptian Princess" describes the Persian invasion, "The Sisters" deals with the Hellenic period under the Lagides, "Homo Sum" traces the development of the anchorite spirit in the deserts and rocks of the Sinaic Peninsula, and the latest volume now under comment, "The Emperor," treats of the Roman dominion and the early growth of Christianity. To those who have read any of the previous romances it is unnecessary to say that the imaginative power of the author in "The Emperor" is no less striking than his intimate acquaintance with the daily life of the ancients. It is not only interesting so far as it partakes of romance, but also valuable historically. Translated by C'ara Bell, published by Gottsberger, New York, and for sale by Porter & Coates, this city.

"Pretty Polly Pemberton," by Mrs. F. H. Burnett, is a reprint from Peterson's Magazine of one of Mrs. Burnett's earlier novels. While it is not so strong as some of the author's latter works, it holds a higher rank than the average novel and is both powerful and interesting. It will well repay reading. Peterson & Co., publishers.

"Bellah," by Octave Feuillet, is no exception to the rule of sensationalism which marks this author's works. The scene is laid in Brittany, among the stirring scenes of the Vendean war, and the principal interest of the story centres around the love of Commandant Herve and Mademoiselle Bellah de Kergant. The story is carried to its denouement with a strong hand. While it may not be the very best, in some respects, of the writer's productions, it equals any of them in absorbing interest. Peterson & Co., publishers.

"Mrs. Geoffrey," by the author of "Phyllis," is a novel that relates how the used up younger son of an aristocratic English family goes to Ireland, falls in love with the niece of a farmer, and brings her back to England his wife, much to the disgust of his proud mother. The young Irish bride is so beautiful that she wins the hearts of everybody except her mother-in-law. Even the latter is brought to terms when the girl saves the family estates through the medium of the inevitable lost will. The story possesses nothing new in the way of plot or character, but as it is written in a sprightly way, it will prove very serviceable for an afternoon's reading. Lippincott & Co.

MAGAZINES.

The Popular Science Monthly for July contains the following articles, all of which abound in valuable thought: "The races of mankind," splendidly illustrated; "European Schools of Forestry;" "Production of Sound by Radiant Energy," "Physical Education;" "The Development of Political Institutions;" "On Fruits and Seeds;" "How to Prevent Drowning;" "Recent Advance in the Law of Intellectual Property;" "Improvements in Electric Lighting," "Degeneration;" "The Phenomena of Death;" "Union of the Telegraph and Postal Service," etc., etc. For those desirous of keeping abreast of the times this monthly may be specially commended. Appleton & Co.

Potter's American Monthly, among many articles, some of which are finely illustrated, contains the following: "Through the Dismal Swamp;" "Lora, a Pastoral;" "A Day at the Sea-Shore;" "Fame;" "Kith and Kin;" "What is a Cold?" "Among the Roses;" "The Franklin Home;" "How the Captain Came In;" "Novelties in Fancy Work," etc., etc. The various departments, which embrace Table Talk, Literature and Art, Home and Society Pot pourri, etc., are full of entertaining and useful matter.

The leading paper of interest to Philadelphians in the July number of Scribner is entitled "A Day in the Ma'sh," by Maurice F. Egan. It is written in a most entertaining style, and finely illustrated. Besides this there are articles on "The Younger Painters of America," and "Decoration in the Seventh Regiment Armory." Politics is represented by a first paper on "The People's Problem," by Albert Stickney, Esq., author of "A True Republic." In fiction there are the concluding parts of Mr Cable's "Madame Delphine," an Mr. Howell's "Fair ful Rasp nsibility," and a second instalment of humorous folklore of Georgia, under the title of "A Rainy Day with Uncle Remus." "Dr Dollinger and the old Catholic Movement in Germany" is treated by Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale College. An illustrated paper of special interest is "The Sea-Horse" (walrus). "An Old Virginian" is a study of the country type of F F V. "Railway, Church and and Cemetery Lawn Planting" is a triple and progressive illustrated paper. "The Levees of the Mississippi" is likewise a valuable practical paper. The departments have the usual amount and variety, and the poetry is, as usual, excellent.

The frontispiece of the Magazine of Art for June is a fair wood-cut, by Jomard, of Hamo Thornycroft's statue of Artemis. The second paper on "Pictures of the Year" is illustrated by cuts of works by G D Leslie, W. E. Lockhart, Philip Morris, and J E Christie. An article on Pornic, a French watering place, has a couple of pleasing illustrations. Lewis F Day writes of "The Place of Pictures in the Decoration of a Room." R St John Tyrwhitt gives some "Hints for a Sketching Club," and the sculptor, Hamo Thornycroft, is written of by Edmund W. Gosse, under the head of "Our Living Artists." There is also an article on the "Exhibition of Old Masters at the Hague," by W. M. Conway; an illustrated one on "Famous Equestrian Statues;" an account of "Lady Art Students in Munich," and the first instalment of "How Oxford was Built." With this there are five charming drawings. Cassell, Potter & Galpin, New York.

The July Wide Awake is calculated to make the boys and girls impatient for vacation-time. The frontispiece, "A Summer Day," is almost as good as a day in the country itself. A spirited story is "The Academy Boat Race," by Mary Dennett. There is also "What Made Sam Sick." The girls will find many womanly hints in the "Story of a Work-Box." "Fan and the Comb-makers," with its five illustrations, will interest all curious readers, while "Mr Littlejoan's Animals" is delightful reading. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, in his seventh "To-Day," gives some lessons in Lord Beacon field's career. "Dr. Gayde's Little Girl," "Having His Own Way," Polly Cologne," etc., are all interesting. But the seasonable attraction of the number is the children's Operetta of Dragon fly Day. We predict a great popularity for it at summer resorts, as the music is simple, and the scenery and costumes practicable anywhere. Several fine illustrated poems complete the number. 30 cents a number. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

MEPHISTO.

Miss Alma Desart was presumably smart,
A being of Boston extraction;
She doted on art, and was up in her part
As a very esthetic attraction.

I ne'er can forget that the first time we met,
When wearied I came from the bureau,
She said I resembled her dear Tintoret—
"So full o' chiaro oscura."

'Twas flattering quite, to be judged in this light—
Æsthetics of make me receptive—
So I sat very near her that beautiful night
And worshipped her charming perspective.

She once grew so fine over sculpture divine,
And her eyes wore so sweet an expression,
It was hard to decline, as her glances met mine,
To make a most tender confession.

Yet somehow I found, as the weeks rolled around,
I could not get on with my mission;
For just as I'd enter on definite ground
She'd talk of Del Sarto or Titian.

Become more astute as I hurried my suit,
I saw her grow fondly fantastic,
But felt she could smile on most any hirsute
Who had done something ugly—and plastic.

Then, in feeling my chains, I in passionate strains
Wrote of love which was true, if not mystic;
And this the reply I received for my pains,
"Your offer is highly artistic."

I took in good part her instructions in art,
And of precept she never was chary;
But the sing evocation she left in my heart
Was a disinclination to marry.

It may be her conduct was not well advised,
Young maids I never can barber;
Yet I will confess I was somewhat surprised,
When she wedded an artist—a barber.

—U. N. Nose.

Humorous.

A vane bird—The weathercock.

A smart thing—A mustard plaster.

Hints to young bachelors—Pay your bills before you pay your addresses.

Adam ought to have said, "Hardly Eve" when he was tempted to bite the apple.

"1 2 3 cent stamps," is what the young lady said when she came up to the stamp window.

An umbrella is different from a man in that it is only good for something when it is used up.

The reporter who was requested to write up the death of two murderers, said he'd see 'em hanged first.

Some are some men so talkative that nothing but the toothache can make one of them hold his jaw.

One way to make money is to take a half pound trout, fill it up with shot, and then be it weighs a pound and a half.

"My Darling's Shoes" is the name of a new ballad, but "The Old Man's Boot" is generally considered more touching.

A strange astronomical phenomenon is seen in the fact that when the irate father takes down his trunk-strap there are liable to be spots on the son.

A politician in Kentucky recently attempted to shoot an editor who accused him of "being in the habit of imparting an unhealthy swelling to the truth."

They say Beaconsfield never wore anything but patent leather shoes. A man with nothing on but patent-leather shoes could not fail to make a sensation in Parliament.

"Dear me!" exclaimed a landlady, "it does seem impossible for me to make both ends meet." "Well, then," said on one of her lodgers, "suppose you make one end vegetables."

He was about four years old, but he was a hopeful youth. He said: "Papa, have you done anything down town to-day that you think I ought to whip you for it if I were as big as you?"

A certain orator at a fair, after a yarn descriptive of what was to be seen inside, wound up by saying, "Step in, gentlemen; step in! Take my word for it, you will be highly delighted when you come out."

"What is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked the teacher. "Please, marm," spoke up little Johnny, "it means a circus procession passing the school-house, and the scholars not allowed to look out."

A French naturalist says that the wasp is endowed with more cunning than any other insecton wings. We don't see anything very cunning in a wasp lifting a man off a bench in the park. An earthquake does the same thing, and makes no pretension to fun.

An elderly lady, who was very indignant at the conduct of a man in a street car, who was smoking, punched the driver in the back with her umbrella, and asked, "Driver, ain't it agin the rules to smoke in this car?" "You can smoke as much as you please, madam, if the gentlemen don't object," was the response. Then she pulled the bell violently and got off.

"She was a daisy," but she put her little French-heeled shoe on a banana-peel, and in a flash was transformed into a lady slipper, and then arose blushing like a peony.

A newspaper with a paragraph on Bjornsterne Bjornson was accidentally dropped from the deck of an ocean steamer, and in five minutes a dead whale rose to the surface. The miserable monster had perished from lockjaw.

"Old age is to be respected," said a gentleman, recently examining and lecturing a country-town school, but seeing the son of his poulterer there, added, to him in particular, "The moral is applied to the human race, not to poultry."

A sensible author says, "Have you enemies? go on and mind them not." That's a capital plan, especially if the enemy is the biggest, and is patiently waiting behind the fence with a club to discuss the matter with you. Better yet—go around.

From a Russian newspaper of the year 1992: "The ruins of the palace are still smouldering. Twenty-five nozzles are playing on the debris. The safe cannot be taken out before to-morrow night, but it is believed that the Czar will be found uninjured."

A Maine paper prints a laconic correspondence between two personal friends. One wrote to the other, "Do me the favor to lend me a dollar to get my cow out of the pound." The other wrote back, "I would, but I paid my last dollar to the boys to take the cow to the pound."

The base ball season has begun in earnest, and the papers of various cities are filled with glowing accounts of how nine ruffians from some other place, assisted by a depraved and perjured umpire, succeeded in robbing the home club of the game. When the home club wins the umpire is a cultured gentleman, and the opposing nine a combination of gifted young men who were temporarily unfortunate.

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies that have been restored to perfect health by the use of her Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for the most stubborn cases of female weakness.

Why Wear Plasters?

They may relieve, but they can't cure that lame back, for the kidneys are the trouble and you want a remedy to act directly on their secretions, to purify and restore their healthy condition. Kidney-Wort has that specific action—and at the same time it regulates the bowels perfectly. Don't wait to get sick, but get a package to-day, and cure yourself. Liquid and dry sold by all Druggists.—Germantown Telegraph.

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When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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HUMPHREYS' Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or indiscretion, HOMEOPATHIC is radically and promptly cured by it. Been in use 30 years. SPECIFIC No. 28, —is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post-free on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co., Illust. Catalogue free.] 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES,
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
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CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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FEVER AND AGUE,
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RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

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Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick nervous; Nervousness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

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Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

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Read "False and True."

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Facetiæ.

Flattery has been humorously defined as the milk of human kindness turned to butter.

Why should a cookery book be illustrated? Because every good meal requires plates.

A haughty man disdainfully threw an orange-peel upon the pavement. But in a little while, as the haughty man again passed that way, the orange peel threw him into the gutter.

"I wish to heaven I had a gentlemen opposite me," said an irritable old fellow, at a dinner party. "Why," was the retort, "you cannot be more opposite to a gentleman than you are."

An individual, having been to church, returned home earlier than usual, and was asked: "Is it all done already?" "No," he replied, "it is all said; but very little, if any, of what was said has been done yet."

"That milk is pretty blue, landlord." "Don't understand it, sir. My cow is well fed, I milk her myself, and I don't water the milk." "Well, the weather has been quite wet, and I reckon the cow needs swingling—that's about it."

It is told for a fact that a little flaxen-haired boy of five years, who had passed the afternoon at an art museum, looking up in his mother's face, said: "If all the mammas, when they die, turn into mummies, do all the papas turn into puppies?"

A clergyman, in a discourse on charity, said that one of the best illustrations of avarice he ever heard of was that contained in an old caricature, which represents old Nick carrying an old miser down to his regions, and while on the way the miser is making propositions to his majesty to supply him with coals.

A man who was too poor to indulge in any luxuries other than children, was presented by a loving but unreckoning wife with triplets—three boys—and he sought for a family to adopt them. Mr. Clark was rather inclined to take them, but his good wife thought one would perhaps be enough. They were talking it over before their little eight-year-old daughter, who said, "Why don't you take one of them, ma—or don't they want to break the set?"

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Kidney-Wort acts first by overcoming in the mildest manner all tendency to constipation; then, by its great tonic and invigorating properties, it restores to health the debilitated and weakened parts. We have hundreds of certified cures, where all else had failed. Use it, and suffer no longer.—Exchange.

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Because It acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

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☞ It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

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Is a Positive Cure

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It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

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No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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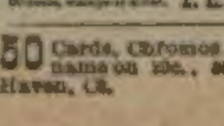

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

ALTHOUGH striped, chequered, and shaded materials and brocades are so much in vogue, it must not be supposed that plain fabrics are in any way demoded; on the contrary, they still remain very general favorites, more especially for combining with the more showy materials, subduing the colors of these, and greatly adding to the general effect of the costume.

In fancy materials the choice is almost unlimited, chequers, or rather tartans, heading the list; and they are adapted and combined in numberless ways.

Some of the prettiest woolen materials are in a neutral shade, grey or beige, striped with threads in red, or some other bright tint, or flaked with gold-colored silk, and silk in all the colors of the most brilliant gems. The colors in tartans are also varied and gay; chequers in sapphire and beige, mauve and navy-blue, tawa color and seal-brown, faded leaf and prune, brightened by threads in brighter colors forming large squares, are very fashionable, and stylish dresses are made of these materials trimmed with satin or surah matching the colored stripes, or plain machine stitching.

Traveling costumes will be made in these combinations in all colors with small mantles to match, and will prove both stylish and convenient.

Spotted fabrics are again making their appearance, but the spots are exceedingly small and so mingled, shade upon shade, with the material, that they show only in certain lights like shot silks; the effect of the spots is less dazzling and more pleasing than when they are of a decided shade differing from the ground.

Among a number of light silken fabrics the prettiest is foulard satin in all shades of grey, Chartreuse, and faded tints covered with quaint designs of palms, trefoils, and lozenges formed of tiny flowers and foliage in all colors.

Crepe foulards are also new and pretty; they are like Chinese silk in texture, and have patterns of the most extraordinary and far-fetched character. The simplest of these patterns are in Japanese style in every conceivable color; landscapes, fans, blocks and piles of plates and dishes do not show any originality of conception and these designs are, in fact, a mere continuance of the queer patterns which were introduced last season, but met with little approval.

Black has entirely given place to satin and surah merveilleux; some lovely toilettes are made of these, and of all the soft and silky-looking mousselines de laine, foulards, and Chinese silks.

A stylish toilette, for instance, has the satin skirt pleated and puffed in panels, and the tunic, or, properly speaking, the scarfs of brocade crossing one another in front and forming with their long ends three half circles at the back, with three tabs falling in a cascade through the centre half circle. A coat bodice and waistcoat of brocaded surah, with a lace ruffle round the neck and cuffs of brocade and lace.

Brocade can be strongly recommended not only on account of its being becoming, but for its durability, as its figured surface seems to resist that fatal shiny appearance which comes only too soon, even on the best satins and silks.

Surah is also a favorite material combined with cashmere or mousseline de laine; it is made in all the newest shades of color and in shades of tints.

A pretty dress of this kind is of periwinkle blue surah trimmed with box-pleated flounces, the tunic of prune-colored cashmere brocaded in two shades of periwinkle blue, very short in front, and falling at the back in two wide loop ends. The front of the bodice is composed of a wide piece of surah closely gauged at the waist, and from the chest to the collar, and forming sheaf pleatings between the gaugings and the basque.

With this charming costume a young girl can wear a scarf mantle of surah trimmed with fringe in the two colors, and a straw hat ornamented with a wreath of periwinkle flowers.

When the really warm weather comes our couturieres are prepared to meet it with diaphanous dresses of crape, gauze, and voile, which name includes many of those thin fabrics that look so pretty made with innumerable tiny flounces, and trimmed with laces and beaded passementerie.

It is also the season for white dresses, and for bridesmaids and small reunions there is nothing prettier, particularly if the wearer is young.

Creamy-white surah, trimmed with d'Aurillac or Spanish lace, is most distinguished, especially if natural flowers are added.

A good example of such a costume is made of surah, the skirt trimmed to the hip with gathered lace flounces, sewn on straight all round, and each lace flounce supported with a satin or lisse flounce of its own width beneath it. Small paniers at the hips, tied at the back with long loops and ends. The bodice bouquet must be of roses, and the selection lies between Marshal Niels, Jacqueminots, pale salmon roses, or roses du Roi.

Very little jewelry is worn with white costumes, and the gloves are always long tan-color shades, very baggy from the wrists upward.

The parasols are white surah, covered with rows of Spanish lace, the sticks being gilded bamboo.

Spanish lace dresses are made by our leading houses, and are the most elegant and popular costumes of the season.

There are now many ways of making up this lace, but the prettiest, I believe, is to have a foundation of lustrous black satin, and to trim the skirt with five flounces of the lace, each about five inches deep. These should be gathered full, and overlap each other, the last flounce resting on a satin plaiting of the same depth as a support. The bodice may be covered with either lengthwise rows of lace sewed together, or with dotted Spanish net called "pin-dot net," which is gathered as though it were muslin; the sleeves are usually transparent. This pique net is used for the paniers and drapery among the flounces; then there is a wide black satin sash, commencing low in front of the skirt under a fanciful bow, carried high on the hips, and terminating at the back with bows.

Similar dresses for quiet occasions are made of black satin surah, trimmed with black Spanish lace and a sash of black watered ribbon, or else of striped watered silk cut in two in the middle of the breadth.

Black-and-white striped satin flounces covering an entire skirt are also worn with a basque and over-dress of black Spanish net, edged with black Spanish lace laid over the white lace.

A white Spanish lace polonaise abundantly trimmed with lace and white moire ribbon bows, is a beautiful over-dress to wear with white skirts of satin surah, white moire, gauze, or nuns' veiling.

Other lace dresses have jet effectively introduced on them. The tablier is of jetted net, the side gores are covered with narrow lace flounces, and the back with wide ones; the bishop sleeves have jetted cuffs to match the jetted collar, and there is a jabot of Spanish lace down the front of the bodice. But this style is neither so characteristic nor so pretty as the first I described.

Black grenadine is made up this season over colored satin—red, olive, or green—and is trimmed with Spanish lace and gaily-striped satin surah.

As such costumes are most useful in this uncertain weather, I will describe a good example. The underdress, or foundation, is cardinal surah, and the overdress black grenadine. The skirt is trimmed with three deep scantily-gathered flounces of grenadine, each of which has three tucks and a deep edge of Spanish lace; these flounces are laid over plaited red flounces as a support. The scarf sash is of striped surah—green, red and yellow prevailing; it crosses the right side and the back, and is knotted on the left gore with long ends. The pointed bodice, which is short on the hips, is trimmed with white satin and Spanish lace.

When black grenadine is made up over black satin, it is picturesquely trimmed with jet, jet net, and jet chenille fringe, and even rows of cut jet beads are used instead of piping on the edge of collar, cuffs, and bodice.

One of the handsomest black dresses which I have seen is of black satin surah, trimmed with satin plaitings, Spanish lace, and jet passementerie, mounted on net, and thus looking like lace. The skirt has two pleated frills round the bottom; above these is a deep kilt plaiting of the satin, edged with Spanish lace, which falls over the lower plaitings. Above this upper plaiting is an apron of pointed folds, piped with jet. Up the sides are cords and tassels of jet. The train is long and quite plain. The deep basque body is edged round with a cord of jet, and at the back is a sash of Spanish lace. The square of the neck is also filled in with Spanish lace, and the sleeves are likewise of Spanish lace.

A pretty walking toilette is of china blue cashmere; the skirt is embroidered on the hem with thick tambour work in three colors—red, yellow, and light-blue, with three plaitings round the edge to match. A draped polonaise is open in front, and bordered with tambour work, and a scarf of china-blue satin is arranged across the front and fastened to the drapery of the polonaise on the left side with silk cords in the three colors. The collar is formed with a band of tambour embroidery pleated in box plaits, and the cuffs are the same. The Chevalier hat of China blue straw is trimmed with a shaded gold-and-blue feather.

Another equally pretty dress is of dove-grey cashmere; the skirt is alternately pleated in large and small pleats; the tunic is pointed in front, and edged with deep poppy-colored silk embroidery, draped at the back and tied at the side with ends finished off with dove-grey and poppy colored tassels. The waistcoat, collar and cuffs are embroidered to match, and a grey straw chapeau is bordered with poppy satin, and trimmed with loops of satin fastened on the left side with a golden bee.

Fireside Chat.

SCREENS

SCREENS are very good pieces of furniture for the display of embroidery, and may be treated with almost endless variety. Large folding screens are covered with brown linen or serge, and worked in crewels with large flowers—giant poppies, crown imperials, arums, sunflowers, figs, different sorts of lilies, hollyhocks and dahlias; thistles, Australian teak and others stand upright in the panels, each stiffened into a fit arrangement, standing, as it were, "at attention," and so contrived by balance of leaf and flower and, as for each to be about the same weight and form.

Some dark edges will be required as framework; if the screen itself does not supply it, bands of leather with a tiny gilt pattern on them will answer the purpose.

A similar screen, in which much art is employed, yet which still is simple, is made of brown linen. It is nearly five feet high. In three leaves—two of them being alike, worked in crewels and silk. At the foot is a dado of green linen of about one foot in height, on which is worked, on the first panel, primroses between two bunches of daisies; above, on the unbleached linen, rise to the height of two-and-a-half feet three tall day-lilies, their yellow petals worked in silk, the leaves in crewel, which, becoming closer together as they reach the dado, bring all into harmony. On the middle panel sunflowers stand in the place of the day-lilies, and below, daffodils and primroses are worked on the green; the third panel is a repetition of the first, the space at the top of the screen being left clear.

Panel screens of rather a smaller size are excellent subjects for fine embroidery. Gold-colored silk, satin, or brocatelle, is one of the best grounds for them, as this color has an admirable quality of harmonizing other colors put upon it, and also it is safe to look well in any room, whatever may be the tone of the decoration.

White flowers are beautiful on this ground. A large vase of white lilies standing up on the panel, with a few light branches of roses and carnations among their stems, is a beautiful arrangement taken from a fourteenth century picture.

This also looks very well on a pale-blue ground; then there must be very little pink in the roses, and cornflowers will be a good substitute for the carnations.

A peacock with his tail displayed makes a splendid panel for a screen. He must be conventionalized into an heraldic aspect, and even then, when his colors are generalized to the lowest, he will tax the embroiderer's skill to make him gorgeous enough. Gold-color, black, brown blue, or green will make him a good background.

He looks well in a single panel by himself, or in a three-leaved screen, with pea-hens right and left of him; cocks and pheasants will also make him good supporters.

If water-birds are used they should be associated together. Swans are rather unwieldy masses of white, but cranes, flamingoes, and ducks of different kinds work well.

The water and other surroundings must be indicated with reticence, not attempting a pictorial representation, though the balance of form and color requires the same consideration as in a picture.

Another treatment of panel screens has a Japanese inspiration, and each panel is a kind of suggestive picture.

The more solid plants grow up from the ground, or out of very conventional water; higher up a bird flies across or perches, and is balanced by a suggestion of cloud, a flight of distant birds, or a projecting spray of flowers.

This may be carried out on black, brown, or deep blue satin, or, if a light ground be preferred, on white silk, pale buff, or green satin; working on those materials with fine silks, and using gold twist and thread to heighten the effect.

Care should be taken not to follow Japanese models so closely as to provoke a comparison with that inimitable handiwork, or to sink into a servile imitation, and so to produce only a coarse copy of the original.

Japanese arrangements, especially in needlework, have a character of unexpectedness and apparent disorder that is a great snare to the unaware, who do not see that this artlessness is a perfection of art, and produced by obeying, not defying, the laws of symmetry, harmony, and proportion.

For screens that are to be lighter-looking, small flowers are used, with care that the framework of the screen is not too heavy for them.

They look best in a sort of trellis pattern over the whole screen, or they may be used in "powdering," or in small groups.

White satin with blue, cream-color, buff, or pale pink, with carnations or small yellow or neon-pink roses; pale-blue with even flowers or white flowers; gold-color with marigolds; various kinds of fruit, or birds, are a few only of the suggestions that might be made for these choice pieces of furniture.

Classical figure subjects are also sometimes used for screens, and though the human figure is not a good subject for embroidery of this kind, it has now and then been executed with much success; chiefly in outline with a happy number of lines and amount of detail to express the figures, an apt choice of color, and judicious heightenings of gold thread for girdles and such accessories.

Being a movable and detached ornament, a screen allows more liberty of fancy and individual taste than anything else properly to be called furniture, but this liberty should not degenerate into eccentricity.

Thus we do not recommend grotesques; pains are wasted upon them; the eye infallibly tires of them before long, and they become no better than stale jokes.

Originality does not mean doing something queer or comic, but discovering or bringing into notice some new or forgotten form of beauty, calling attention to the grace, vigor, or quaintness of some rare, or perhaps too common object, or proving that some unusual combination of colors, or some new application of ornament may gratify the eye.

Linen or silken fabrics are the best for panel screens. Velvet is not very suitable, and woolen materials seem a little out of place, though serge cloth has often been used with success.

Silk sheeting is often good in color and pleasant to work on, but it is disappointing in wear, and should not be used for important pieces of work.

Smaller fire-screens are very good subjects for elaborate and careful embroidery. There is no limit to the variety of ornament that may be adapted to them. They are near the eye, and usually by their position claim attention that in too many cases they do not deserve.

The flat stiff screen screwed to the chimney-piece is not often used with the kind of decoration I have recommended.

A movable panel is a better form; so is a pole to which the banner is hung, or a standing frame in which it swings by the upper edge.

For these an heraldic advice would be very appropriate, the shield either entirely of stitches, or with the blazon embroidered on the applied silk for the field.

Crests, badges, emblems, devices, mottoes, and all sorts of mediæval fancies, may be sought out and ingeniously turned to account for embroidery, using a little discretion in their placing, and a little taste in their coloring.

If a screen fastened to the chimney-piece be required, the prettiest are those old-fashioned ones that are formed by a little curtain hanging to the cross-bar.

This will be too full to be a good subject for an elaborate device in embroidery; good ones have been made of the embroidered end of an Indian scarf, and of precious pieces of costly old stuffs.

If you wish to enrich your material with needlework, a diaper or a repeated pattern that will not be spoilt by hanging in folds will be nice, or a powdering of little sprigs or tiny bouquets will look well on the hanging stuff. Some of the borderings suggested for sashes, if worked in silk and enriched so as to be suitable to the more honorable case, also look well; taking care not to spoil the hanging of the silk by a too stiffened horizontal border. Any of these devices will make prettier screens than the flat and stiff pieces of needlework usually seen for the purpose.

Answers to Inquirers.

W. L. (New York, N. Y.)—We cannot say at present.

C. F. W. (Lima, Mo.)—Yes and will continue to do so.

NINA, (Reading, Pa.)—Certainly not. You are not bound to make the visit.

I. M. D. (Vinton, O.)—A letter simply addressed New York City would reach him.

HELIOTROPE, (Sheffield, Ill.)—It is against our rules to publish such addresses in this column. Send a postal addressed to yourself, and we will forward the name. 2. They are entirely reliable, and will send you a catalogue.

FLORA, (San Francisco, Cal.)—Tastes vary in jewelry, as in everything else. Your best course probably would be to examine the stock of the jeweler from whom you make your purchase, ask him what is most worn now, and the cost for the ring and then select, rather below than above, your means.

K. W. (Baltimore, Md.)—If you have no better occupation there would be no harm, but much good, in devoting your spare time to learning Latin, even at your age, forty-two. You may not learn it as quickly as you would have done twenty-five years ago, but there is nothing to hinder you from learning it even now.

FANNY, (Bordentown, N. J.)—No; never write to a young gentleman who has "never asked you to do so." If you wish to learn some particulars about the young gentleman in question, who seems to have quite roused you out of your heart and of your senses as well, try and manage it through your brother with whom he is keeping up a correspondence. In such circumstances as yours, it often happens that brothers can be made very serviceable.

C. M. (Hanover Township)—We cannot, even with the explanation given, understand the real merits of the case. Under all circumstances no one is so fitted to advise you as your parents. Speak to them about it, concealing nothing, neither what you have done, nor what you would like to do. If you fear to apply to them, consult your minister. Your mistake is not so bad that it cannot be rectified, nor the case so wretched that good may not come of it.

READER, (Dayton, Ga.)—Gilliflower is a popular English name for some of the cruciferous plants most prized for their beauty and fragrance of their flowers, as wall-flower, stock etc. The clove pink, also the wild original of the carnation, is called clove gilliflower. The name gilliflower has been regarded as a corruption of July flower, but in Chaucer it appears in the form gilofre; and the French girofle indicates the true derivation from garofle, a clove, the smell of the clove-gilliflower being somewhat like that of cloves.

STUDENT, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"In 'Endymion,' Lord Beaconsfield writes 'Col. Albert was the last person whom they expected would achieve such marvels.' Page 311. 'Whom he was anxious should second the mountain.' Page 33. 'The gentleman whom it was supposed to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer.' Page 68. 'The person whom he was quite sure could not then be present.' Should not 'who' be used instead of 'whom' in each of the instances I have cited?" We think so. Apparently Lord Beaconsfield's grammar is behind the age.

MYTHOLOGY, (Shenandoah, Pa.)—Vulcan was the god of fire, and the first to discover the art of forging iron. He was the son of Jupiter and of Juno. He was however so deformed at his birth that his mother ashamed of him took him by the heels and hurled him from heaven. After having whirled a whole day in mid-air he fell on Mount Lemnos more dead than alive. The inhabitants of Mount Lemnos picked him up and took care of him, but he was lame ever afterwards. Through the intercession of Bacchus he was readmitted to the good graces of Jupiter, who made him espouse Venus, the goddess of beauty.

GLADYS, (Toms River, N. J.)—We know of no way in which you could ascertain whether you are entitled to a position other than that proposed. The law regulating pensions is such that a certain amount of trouble is involved in an agent ascertaining whether or not any particular person is entitled to its benefits. In the case of your son, unless his death could be proved to have been caused by illness brought on when in the service, your chance for getting anything would not be good. The U. S. Pension Office in this city is at No. 720 Sansom street. By writing there perhaps you might learn something that would serve to guide you in the matter.

READER, (Chester, Pa.)—Write as often as it pleases you. "Money droppers" are no longer known in England, they have been succeeded by a new race of sharpers, called "confidence trick men." The plan of the "money dropper" was this: He would drop a piece of money in the street in such a manner that a countryman would be induced to stoop to pick it up. While the latter would be examining it, the "money dropper" would approach him and claim the coin as his. Then a discussion or quarrel would ensue, during which the confederates of the "money dropper" would surround the countryman and appear to take his part, while several of their number would explore his pockets.

G. W. T. (Dell Rory, O.), 1. We know nothing about them one way or the other. 2. You could grind it first to the required shape on a common grindstone. Then use graduated emery wheels from the somewhat coarse to the finest. If you cannot get these, emery paper would do though it would prolong the work somewhat tediously. The next stage is to polish with hard and soft leather, chamois, wood, and files. Altogether it would be a hundred times cheaper to buy one than to attempt to make it yourself. The chances are very great that it would be a failure in any but scientific hands. 3. Drawing paper and different grades of lead-pencils, nothing more. The artist simply reproduces to the best of his ability the scenes or objects that meet his eye. 4. Send a postal circular to yourself, and we will forward the required address.

CHESTNUT, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The word "Vatican" is often used, but there are many besides yourself who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1,200 feet in length, and about 1,000 in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by a garden of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Popes of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected an humble residence on its site. About the year 600 Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Arragon. In 1305, Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, where the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for many years. It is now the repository of multitudinous treasures of art and the palace of the Pope.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It must not be supposed that we desire to lay down a hard and fast rule as to the "proper" age for marriage, in either man or woman. As the result of long observation, however, we might affirm that the marriages contracted by men on the threshold of life do not, as a rule, turn out well. It is better to see the way to a living and to begin a settled way of life before undertaking the responsibilities of housekeeping and assuming the difficult position of head of a family. We have no special respect for the age of thirty; but, as a matter of experience, men do not find themselves in a position to count on the future much before that age. Many doubtless are pretty sure of themselves and their own ability and prospects at twenty-five years of age, so that it may be well to say from twenty-five to thirty. As to women, we do not think they should think of marriage until they have done growing—that is from about twenty-one to twenty-five. It is seldom that a marriage contracted before that period is healthy or wise.

BLOOMING ROSE, (Tipton, Iowa)—1. When he asks you, simply answer Yes. If you want to make it stronger, add certainly, that it will give you much pleasure, should you decline, thank him, and if you think it worth while, add the reason, if it is one at which he cannot reasonably take offence. 2. We do not know the book, but if it is procurable, Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city will get it for you. Write to them about it. 3. A gentleman cannot pay "proper" attentions to two ladies at once. Attention, in the sense you use it, means, we suppose, that which is capable of but one interpretation. In such a case the best course is for both to look upon him as a bird of prey and drop him, until he chooses to confine himself to one alone. 4. We have not the space at our command for the verse. Look in any volume of poetry and you will find something suitable. 5. We do not think that girls should go to such places, unless with relations or most intimate friends, until they are at least seventeen years of age. 6. Your handwriting is neat, though cramped. The spelling is correct, but you forget that all paragraphs should begin with a capital letter.